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No. 60.

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TUESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1904.

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Our special forecast for to-day is: Variable breezes, finally north-westerly; changeable and rather cold; occasional rain or sleet, with bright intervals.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, rather rough to moderate; North Sea, rather rough; Irish Channel, smooth to moderate.

12th Day of Year.

Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1904.

354 days to Dec. 31.

1904.	January.			Feb.		
Sun. ....	17	24	31	7	14	21
Mon. ....	18	25		8	15	22
Tues. ....	19	26		9	16	23
Wed. ....	20	27		10	17	24
Thurs. ....	21	28		11	18	25
Fri. ....	22	29		12	19	26
Sat. ....	23	30		13	20	27

# To-Day's News at a Glance.

**Home.**  
Three statesmen spoke on the fiscal question yesterday—Mr. Balfour at Manchester, Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham, and Mr. Boddock at Guildford.—See page 3.  
Mr. Rufus Isaacs spoke for the prosecution in Mr. Whitaker Wright's case yesterday. Should the counsel come to blows the great number of ledgers—487—in court will be handy as weapons.—See page 5.  
The petition of Miss Christopher H. Pankas, a student of Lincoln's Inn has been considered by the Benchers and refused.  
Mr. Arthur Chamberlain takes his defeat philosophically, saying he would rather be ousted trying to do good than be raised to a high post as the nominee of brewers.—See page 4.  
Nearly 9,000 Roman Catholics in Gateshead have promised Lord Morley their support on account of his attitude on the education question, although they have been advised by the Irish League of Great Britain to support Mr. Johnson, the Liberal.  
Another victim to the stage craze. A young actress has committed suicide in Piccadilly because she was afraid she would not obtain an engagement.—See page 6.  
The wild advance of cotton completely took the breath away from the Manchester Exchange yesterday, and all business was at a standstill.  
Mills in Ashton-under-Lyme district using American cotton have commenced working "short time," but a few which spin Egyptian cotton are not affected.  
A stained glass window in memory of Cecil Rhodes and his father, who was vicar of All Saints' Church, Bishop's Stortford, has been dedicated there by the Bishop of Colchester.  
Lord Braybrooke was much weaker yesterday.  
The body of the late Mme. Antoinette Stern was to be cremated at Golders' Green to-morrow.  
The funeral of Sir Albert Woods, Garter-Knight-at-Arms, took place at Norwood Cemetery yesterday. A distinguished company attended, including a representative of the King.  
Mr. John Burns, M.P., is confined to the house with an attack of influenza.  
Mr. John Hollingshead, the veteran journalist and theatre manager, is seriously ill.

**Foreign and Colonial.**  
The Russian Press weepingly declares that Japan will be entirely the fault of Britain, which has hypnotised the Japanese into believing in a support which was not to be forthcoming. There is no fresh feeling as to the situation, but a more hopeful feeling prevails as to possible peace.—See page 9.  
It is to be hoped that the Boer settlers in Mexico will not use their "escaping" privileges in the near future, for the trusting Mexicans have lent them £40,000 with which to establish their colony.  
Boris Rameoff, the Macedonian leader, is under the gun, and has informed all and sundry that a new revolution will break out in Macedonia if he does not receive autonomy. The revolutionary committees recommend Boer tactics.—See page 6.

A despatch from Somaliland states that General Egerton has encountered the Mullah and routed him, killing 1,000 Dervishes. Two British officers were killed and seven wounded. See page 9.  
King Peter of Serbia went to dine with some scholars, and was entertained in a beer-hall with ham and old cheese, eaten off a dirty table-cloth, his Majesty being treated with great indifference. Several officers who took part in the assassination of the late King and Queen have been dismissed from the Court.—See page 6.  
It is the widowed Queen of Hanover who is ill from a slight inflammation of the lungs, and not the Duchess of Cumberland, as reported by Reuter.  
Manufacturers in New York have advanced the prices of certain better grades of carpets 2½ per cent. owing to the increased cost of wool.  
A Parisian lion-tamer who was attacked by a puma was saved by his wife.—See page 6.  
Leopold Koenig, the Russian sugar king, who began life in a sugar factory, has just died at Kharkoff, aged eighty-three, worth £10,000,000.  
M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the ex-Premier of France, is seriously ill and an operation is judged necessary.  
A telegram from Santo Domingo states that General Jimenez has bombarded the town, and that a shell exploded inside the United States Legation.  
King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Elena, accompanied by Signor Tittoni, Minister for Foreign Affairs, yesterday opened the exhibition of architecture, painting, and sculpture, the work of pupils of the American Academy of Art at Rome.  
Mr. Seddon has invited all the other Colonial Premiers to join with him in condemning the yellow labour movement in South Africa. If they refuse, Lot to be baulked of the pleasure of sending a cablegram, he will send to England a protest on his own account.  
The three sailors injured in the Wallaroo explosion are doing well.

**GROWING HAPPINESS IN THE CITY.**  
There was a very considerable change for the better on the Stock Exchange yesterday. It was brought about by buying of Consols and Japanese securities by a well-known firm connected with the issue of certain of the Japanese bonds, and the buying followed upon the rumours of strenuous efforts made by the French Government in favour of peace and the belief that the new Manchurian trade treaty arrangements, mentioned in the morning papers, the United States would be more definitely committed against Russia. All day long there was a good deal of buying back by recent speculators for the fall, and the steadily-improving markets finished at the best of the day.  
In the earlier part of the day Americans had been disposed to hesitate, for the financial statement in connection with the New York banks, which was published on Saturday, was not liked. But the New York Stock Exchange apparently took the same view of the situation as that taken here. Even Canadian Rails improved, in spite of the severe cold and snowstorms, which are affecting traffic.  
Speculative repurchasing was also rather a decided feature in the Home Railway market, but here, as elsewhere, if we except British Corporation stocks, Japanese bonds, and a few other features, the remark has still to be made there is very little real investment business going on.  
Naturally the Foreign bourses quickly responded to the better political rumours. The effect was seen in an all-round recovery, which extended even to securities with special adverse influences of their own, such as Uruguays, in connection with which the revolution has to be considered.

## THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

### LAST NIGHT'S SPEECHES.

#### DREAMS OF EMPIRE.

##### Mr. Chamberlain's Striking Speech at Birmingham.

Mr. Chamberlain had a great reception at the annual banquet of the Birmingham Jewellers' Association last night. In responding to the toast given in his honour by Sir Oliver Lodge he said it was two years ago to a day since he last addressed them. They were then just finishing a war which had called for more sacrifice than any war had since the great Napoleonic war.  
Now that the smoke had cleared away they could see the legitimacy of the great issues for which we fought—the existence of the Empire was at stake in this war.  
Our Colonies perceived it more clearly and more quickly than ourselves, and that was what caused them to come to our aid and induced them to show for the first time their common brotherhood.  
The time had gone by when they could consider them as negligible quantities. They would have to meet the sentiment of these young lives which were growing up under the shadow of the Motherland.  
"Dreams of Great Empires."  
He was, as Sir Oliver Lodge said, a political visionary. He dreamt dreams of great empires; he saw great visions. He saw their Empire rise and then sink to a fifth-rate Power; then, again, he saw it break forth into new youth and carry their traditions into the great future. He saw ideas which were forbidden to their ancestors, although they lived by faith.  
"If to be a visionary of that kind is to be banned and condemned, then I am content. I am condemned for holding these views with an unrestricted ambition and a genius for political intrigue, by whom?—by the true patriot, Mr. Winston Churchill."  
The future of the race depended upon the way in which they met the invitation extended to them by their Colonies.

hogger" were really useful additions to the classical nomenclature of our political economy.

##### An Amazing Legend.

He did not know if his audience had read Lord Rosebery's speeches enough to know that he had occupied an important portion of the last three or four in giving circulation to the amazing legend that he (Mr. Balfour) came down to a certain Cabinet in August, presented to his colleagues two alternative pamphlets recommending two inconsistent and mutually exclusive policies, and asked them to take their choice.  
He believed Lord Rosebery founded this amazing tale on something which fell from Lord George Hamilton. Whether that was so or not, he (Mr. Balfour) hoped it was quite unnecessary to inform them that there was not a word of truth in the statement—the whole thing was a mare's nest.

##### A POSER.

##### The Devonshire and the Chamberlain Methods of Tackling Such.

An Edinburgh gentleman, moved by the report of a recent debate in the German Reichstag wherein it was shown that Great Britain, exclusive of her Colonies, took twenty-five per cent. of Germany's exports and replied with only eight per cent. of her own, addressed a similarly worded letter to the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain asking each of these statesmen to explain to an "inquiring Unionist" how "if 'Protection' benefits the German to such an extent, this same 'Protection' if adopted by Britain should not similarly benefit the Britisher?"  
Confronted by this poser, the Duke instructed his secretary to reply as under:—  
Dear Sir,—I am desirous by the Duke of Devonshire to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 17th inst., and to say that he does not follow your arguments.  
I remain, etc.  
Mr. Chamberlain also responded through his secretary, but, instead of admitting to a mental fog, replied that "the great comparative prosperity enjoyed by Germany is a conclusive proof that the United Kingdom is not likely to be ruined if it adopts the measures which he recommended."  
Other men, other measures.

##### "MURDER WILL OUT."

##### A Tramp's Supposed Confession Leads to a Dramatic Arrest.

"I murdered her. God help me. Murder will out." Such was the message deciphered by a warden on a piece of paper which a tramp named Fisher, committed to Lincoln Prison for begging, had covertly torn from his notebook while being searched.  
Fisher had put the incriminating piece of paper into his mouth, evidently intending to swallow it, but when the warden, who, with great presence of mind, had affected to let the incident escape his attention, seemed none the wiser, the other had simply chewed it into a pellet and ejected it.  
The warden quietly secured the pellet, and, word by word, the syllables set out above formed themselves as he unfolded it.  
Fisher was thereupon arrested and charged with the murder of a woman named Mary Swinburne.  
For three months the police have searched for the author of a crime committed near Kidderminster three months ago, during the hot-picking season. A woman's body had been found horribly mutilated on the road side.  
The Worcestershire police now believe that the tramp Fisher is the man with whom the woman was seen shortly before she was murdered, and that his supposed confession relates to this crime.

##### TSARINA ILL AGAIN.

During the last few days the Tsarina's temperature has been abnormally high and her general condition weakened.  
Her medical attendants are afraid that an operation for a fresh abscess in the ear will be necessary. The contemplated journey to Livadia has been consequently postponed, nor will the Royal Family remove to the Winter Palace.

The body of Herr Agster, formerly a Social Democratic member of the Reichstag, was yesterday found hanging to a tree in the Degerloch forest.

## To-Day's Arrangements.

**General.**  
Mr. Balfour attends a luncheon at the Conservative Club, Manchester.  
Sir Henry Fowler at Wolverhampton.  
The Guild: Sir Oliver Lodge delivers Presidential Address at General Conference, City of London School, 19 to 8.  
Northampton presides at a meeting of the Royal Society to welcome back Archdeacon Madden. Dinner Hall, 7.30.  
J. Wilson's Successors, Ltd., 118, Regent-street, W.  
Dean & Edgar, Piccadilly-circus.  
Rice Robinson, Oxford-street, W.  
Maitland & Snelgrove, Oxford-street, W., and Vere-street, W.  
Morris, 12, New Burlington-street.  
Solomon & Stacey, Tottenham-court-road.  
Hunt & Co., 10, Abchurch-lane.  
Lewis & Allenby, Regent-street and Conduit-street.  
Sidney-place, Wardour-street.  
Taylor, Sloane-street, S.W.  
Heron, Sloane-street, W.  
Grove, 19 and 20, New Bond-street, W.  
Grove shoe Company, Vere-street, W.  
McMeel, 68, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, W.

**Theatres.**  
"Adelphi," "Little Hans Andersen," 2.15; "The Earl and the Girl," 8.15.  
"Apollo," "Madame Sherry," 8.15.  
"Comedy," "The Girl from Kay's," 8.  
"Court," "Brex Fox and Brer Rabbit," and "Snowdrop," 2.30; "Bohemos," 8.15; "The Question," 9.  
"Daly's," "Ib and Little Christina," 1.30; "A Country Girl," 8.  
"Drury Lane," "Humpty Dumpty," 1.30 and 7.30.  
"Duke of York's," "Letty," 8.  
"Gaiety," "The Orchid," 8.  
"Garrick," "Water Babies," 2.15; "The Cricket on the Hearth," 8.15.  
"Haymarket," "Cousin Kate," 9.  
"His Majesty's," "The Darling of the Gods," 8.15.  
"Imperial," "Monsieur Beauchêne," 8.30.  
"Lyric," "The Duchess of Dantzic," 8.  
"New," "Alice Through the Looking-glass," 2.30 and 8.15.  
"Prince of Wales's," "The School Girl," 8.  
"Royalty," "Swift and Vanessa," 2.30; "Zapfenstreich," 8.15.  
"St. James's," "The Professor's Love Story," 8.30.  
"Strand," "A Chinese Honeymoon," 8.  
"Terry's," "My Lady Molly," 8.15.  
"Vaudeville," "The Cherry Girl," 2 and 8.  
"Wyndham's," "Little Mary," 9.  
"Alhambra," "Carmen," doors open 7.45.  
"Empire," "Looping the Loop," doors open 7.45.  
"Hippodrome," "The Elephant Hunters," 2 and 8.  
"Palace," Varieties and Bioscope Pictures, 8.  
"Matinees are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk."

TWO TRAGEDIES.

Wales newspaper train, and h  
employed between Swindon and

## TWO TRAGEDIES.

## Child Murderer and Suicide—A Wife's Narrow Escape.

At the village of Ravensthorpe, near Dewsbury, shortly after noon, little Beatrice Parkinson, aged, eight, home from school, Edith, only eight months old, and Mary, three years old, lying on the floor, with horrible wounds in the throat. She ran screaming from the house.

The neighbours, coming at her call, found the mother and baby dead, but the elder child was still lingering. She now lies at the Dewsbury Infirmary. Just above the kitchen lay the bed-ridden grandmother, but she heard no sound.

Mrs. Parkinson had threatened to drown herself a day or two ago. She left this letter—

Dear Husband,—I cannot live amongst this poverty any longer. I hope you will not grieve over me. I have taken care to let Sister Polly have baby. I would have taken care to let you have me, but I could not hurt her. I hope to meet you in Heaven. Good-bye—From your loving wife, Martha.

Saved by a Necktie.

"I intended to do for her!" said Ernest Bosworth to his captors. "If it had not been for my revenge, but I ain't done half as much as I intended. I suppose it will mean fifteen years for me, but I am only twenty-two."

Bosworth had made a murderous attack on his young wife in the Wilby-road, near Wel-October. They were only married last Wilby Grange, the gardener at woman's cries rushed in response to the back from help, and though she had knife, her life was saved by the fur necktie she wore.

The mother feared her baby had been killed, but it was found lying on the ground unharmed, not twenty yards away.

## WRESTLING FINALS.

## Very Nearly Develop Into Boxing Matches.

The final stages of the heavy-weight and 12-stone catch-as-can tournaments at the Oxford Theatre of Varieties yesterday provided plenty of excitement for the spectators who thronged the hall.

The first bout had a sensational ending. Tom Connor, of Manchester. Bannan had his man down once or twice in the first three minutes, but Connor always managed to extricate himself. Connor was again brought to the ground, and striking his head rather severely received a nasty wound in the forehead.

In his excitement Connor bit his opponent's arm, and was disqualified just as Bannan, in his indignation, was squaring up to his man with the evident intention of settling matters in the good old English style. The bout, which had lasted nearly six minutes, was of course, awarded to Bannan. Nielsen, Denmark, received the third prize, his opponent, Whistler, of Manchester, giving a walk-over.

## A Stormy Close.

In the heavy-weight event Jack Carkeek (America) was opposed by Cherrillod (Switzerland). Two minutes passed before the men fought the mat, and then Cherrillod got a waist hold, but failed to turn the American over.

Some vigorous work followed, which culminated in a sudden ending in three minutes. Carkeek was given a verdict on what looked very much like a rolling fall. In this bout a referee and two judges were appointed, and Cherrillod lodged an objection against the verdict was given by one judge only with prize-money being paid over.

For the chief heavy-weight consolation prize C. Green (Wigan) and A. Bain (Scotland) wrestled a draw.

At the conclusion Carkeek challenged the winner of the Madrali v. Hackenschmidt contest, and this led to a scene. Madrali was present in a box, which he immediately left the stage, evidently with the resolve to wrestle the American champion there and then. Great uproar ensued, and the orchestra commenced playing in order to drown the utterances of Madrali's manager. The curable disorder was eventually lowered amid consideration.

## COLONEL WITH THE GREEN FLAG.

Passengers on the Great Western will remember "The Colonel," an old railway guard, who has just retired at the age of seventy.

He was always smartly dressed, with waxed moustache, spruce button-hole, and military medals.

Mr. Robert Martin, as he is known in private life, went through the Crimean war, and in 1883 he entered the service of the Great Western as a policeman at Small Heath.

For thirty years he was guard in charge of the South Wales newspaper train, and he was lately employed between Swindon and Pad-

## IS WRIGHT WRONG?

## The Well-known Financier on Trial Yesterday Before an Overcrowded Court.

The trial of Mr. Whitaker Wright, which began before Mr. Justice Bigham and a special jury yesterday, was something quite "sui generis."

It could better be described as an entente cordiale of lawyers and financial experts, meeting on a common ground of intricacy and complexity, than as a trial.

How complex it was can be somewhat inadequately realised when it is stated that half an hour before the Judge took his seat there had been crowded into King's Bench Court VIII.—quite an ordinary-sized court—no fewer than eighty-seven lawyers, counting barristers and solicitors together, twelve company promoters, nineteen liquidators, twenty-seven banking experts, thirty-one accountants, 437 ledgers, eighteen auditors, twenty-one registrars, forty volumes of company law, 127 skilled shareholders, and fifty-two brief bags.

And as a haven for this mass of complexity there were present in court but three ladies, simply dressed, but stowed away in the little side gallery behind the grille.

When the jury were marched into the box, looking thoroughly alarmed at their desperate

in friend who it was that Mr. Wright was taking his trial. The barrister spoke in unavoidable spasms as follows:—

"London and Globe Financial Corporation—two millions nominal capital—run by Mr. Wright—British America Corporation—huge capital—run by Mr. Wright—Standard Exploration Company—enormous capital—run by Mr. Wright. London and Globe smashed—British America smashed—Standard Exploration smashed. Stock Exchange blamed Mr. Wright—Mr. Wright blamed Stock Exchange. Compulsory winding-up—demand for prosecution of Wright by creditors—allegation that he had cooked accounts—made things splendid when they were rotten."

At this point the barrister gained temporary relief by forcing down and tramping under foot an auditor's clerk. Then he continued:—

"Matter mentioned in Parliament—no intention of prosecution—matter put before Crown Officers—no ground for prosecution—matter mentioned by Mr. Arnold White—prosecution—of Mr. Arnold White."

"Ultimately matter mentioned before Mr. Justice Buckley—order for prosecution. Mr.



Mr. Whitaker Wright—a sketch in court.

position, there was not room for another single ledger to be squeezed into the place anywhere.

A great number of people were trying to look as if they were thoroughly acquainted with the mazes of every brief and every ledger, but there were only two men who absolutely carried conviction. One of these was Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., the leader for the prosecution, and the other was Mr. Whitaker Wright.

Through his gold-rimmed spectacles Mr. Wright surveyed the scene in much the same manner as a schoolmaster casts a calm, critical gaze over a class of boys, or an accomplished cook reviews the apparent disorder of the kitchen table a quarter of an hour before dinner-time.

But it was not the Mr. Wright of Lea Park, Godalming—the luxurious Mr. Wright of the palace-beneath-the-lake—that stood so suave and unflustered amid that intricate setting. Nor yet the Mr. Wright of Park-lane, the West-End business-cum-society Mr. Wright. It was rather the City Mr. Wright of the evening before setting day, the Mr. Wright of the working office black coat, and the tie that had become crumpled through leaning over figures—the Mr. Wright before whom ledgers tremble and give up their secrets.

That was the Mr. Wright who at length allowed his bulky frame to settle by the side of his solicitor, Mr. Lewis.

At the back of the court a tightly-wedged-in barrister was explaining to a tightly-wedged-

Wright brought over from America—trial here for convenience, ugh!—instead of at Old Bailey."

Many of these matters touched on so cursorily by the barrister were ably, and at length, put before the Court in a speech that lasted for the whole of the day by Mr. Rufus Isaacs. One main fact Mr. Isaacs succeeded in making everybody understand. Of the capital, £5,000,000, of the three great companies that failed every penny was lost. Of the £3,000,000 that the companies owed only a very small percentage was repaid to creditors.

After Mr. Isaacs had for three hours displayed a complete mastery over the most unintelligible financial details, the sustained interest, which he had kept up till then, turned from him and became centred on another equally engrossing topic.

The pile of ledgers, briefs, and documents in front of Mr. Isaacs and the other K.C.s had been getting bigger and bigger, and was now showing signs of unsteadiness and a tendency to topple over. By Mr. Isaacs's side sat Mr. Avory, K.C., who, though one of the cleverest, is also one of the frailest men—from the physical point of view—practising at the Bar. If that pile tumbled over, what would happen to Mr. Avory?

Everybody nervously kept asking themselves this question during the latter part of the afternoon, but happily it still remained unanswered when the Court adjourned until to-day.

## TEACHING HOME DUTIES.

On the 24th of next month the Prince and Princess of Wales will open at the Battersea Polytechnic a new wing, in which special day courses for housewives and for Colonial trainees are to be held.

The course, which varies from three to twelve months, is intended to equip women for emigration to foreign lands or for the management of any household. In the case of lectures dealing with the feeding and care of children, a real live baby is treated as a lay figure, and the operations of bathing and feeding are carried out by a trained nurse who explains the reason for everything she does.

## RADIUM GOES TO BOMBAY.

Mrs. Wroughton, a recent winner of one of our Radium prizes, states that she has offered her prize to a Bombay hospital.

## THE "DEAR DOCTOR."

## A Play About Dean Swift at the Royalty Theatre.

The play with the Dean in it, written by Mr. A. O'D. Bartholomews, and produced at the Royalty yesterday afternoon, is calculated to make one's heart bleed. If there is a subject that needs an intelligent treatment it is that of the personality of Dean Swift. Even Thackeray, who could write about him with a knowledge that possibly no one now living can claim, contented himself with an essay in the "English Humorists," and a passing glimpse in "Esmond." If a Swift romance were possible there is no manner of doubt that it would have been written by someone quite great long ago.

The reason why it has not been so is obvious. The relations of Swift to "Stella" and to "Vanessa" may be superficially tempting to the novelist or dramatist without insight. Romantically, too, Swift's apparent catchiness in the matter of those two ladies is a little inexplicable.

But, simple as the probable solution of the whole problem is, it is for that very reason quite unsuited for being theorised upon, either on the stage or in print. It would be the least desirable thing in the world to rake up another "Carlyle" controversy about Swift.

Accordingly, there is only one way to treat Swift, and that is the way in which Thackeray treated him—intellectually as a great satirist, personally as a somewhat sinister but none the less darkly-brilliant presence at the wonderful Court of podgy and dull Queen Anne.

## Swift and His Madness.

But this play, "Swift and Vanessa," does neither of these things. It neither attempts reasonably to satisfy curiosity regarding Swift's love-affairs, nor does it give the faintest suggestion of the glories of England's "Augustan age." It is merely a blind and blundering effort in the melodramatic line. It essays, in the silliest manner imaginable, to champion Swift by trying to make him out a hero, which is an extremely doubtful possibility, and at the same time presenting him to us as a fool, which is no possibility at all.

As an excuse for his making love to two ladies and marrying neither (for public purposes), we are asked to believe that Swift knew from the first that he was going to become mad, and therefore did not marry, lest his children should go mad too. This is indeed taking lunacy by the forelock, and certainly implies that Swift was a good deal farther gone in the direction of idiocy already than the author would allow.

Of course, all the "Stella" and "Vanessa" stories are tactlessly dragged in. Stella (Miss Dora Barton) has, it may be mentioned, her hair down her back to the finish of the play, while the passionate and protesting Vanessa (Mrs. Scaife) is very much her elder.

If anyone is less apt to the "dear doctor" kind of adulation it is Dean Swift. He is represented at the Royalty, inevitably, as an expansive Irishman, a perfect miracle of philanthropy and a heartedness, and also as being blest with a strong brogue. Mr. J. D. Beveridge plays the part up on these stock lines like the capable actor that he is.

But the whole conception is pathetically inappropriate. So far from being the conventional Irishman of the stage, Swift was English both by parentage and temperament, and his philanthropies were far to seek.

## The Excellent Dingley.

In short, the whole thing is unintelligent and wearisome; its emotion, bathos, and its atmosphere nil. Miss Dora Barton was a pretty little figure as Stella, but such a one as could never have kept up a really entertaining and "brainless" correspondence even with the dearest doctor.

Mrs. Scaife's appearance as Vanessa was attractive enough, but frenzies and the inevitable death-scene proved quite beyond her capabilities as an actress. Some of the Irish characters were good, and Mrs. Theodore Wright as Mrs. Dingley showed a sense of comedy that was quite lost upon the play.

## A CHARMING SONG-PLAY.

## Mr. Ben Davies Returns to the Stage.

It is seldom that the lover of music is provided with so delicate a morsel as the musical version of "Ib and Little Christina" which was produced yesterday afternoon at Daly's Theatre.

The play itself is well known, and the musical version has been presented in London before, though never with so strong a cast, for Miss Susan Strong and Mr. Ben Davies are playing the two principal parts.

As the Gipsy Woman, the mother of Ib, stealing secretly to see her child, Miss Susan Strong is beyond praise. Mr. Ben Davies, though perhaps not an ideal Ib in action, is all that could be wished from a musical point of view.

The play has been set to music by Franco Leoni and, with the exception of two short spoken dialogues, every word is sung. There are, however, no songs in the ordinary conception of the term; the whole play is one delightful song from beginning to end.

As at present arranged, "Ib and Little Christina" will only run for twelve matinees.

## IMITATE THE BOERS!

Murder as a Means of Political Agitation.

### A DASTARDLY THREAT.

Follow the "noble example" of the Boers! That is what the Revolutionary Committees in the Balkans recommend the Macedonians to do.

Their system in fighting was sudden attack and annihilation of the enemy with swift retreat, destruction of his roads, wrecking of his bridges and trains—all this so bold and original astounded the world.

They showed us how to fight and to die for liberty—a holy example worthy of imitation.

This is how we must fight; how we must defend our nation and its freedom. And what means do the committees propose to use? A Blue-book containing further correspondence about Macedonian affairs was issued yesterday and supplies the answer. They recommend the use of gunpowder, pyroxylene, dynamite, ecrosite, tonite, etc., and issue careful directions as to the best way of blowing up bridges, buildings, roads, railways, stations, and so on.

The Boers had an excuse for killing Britons in this manner; they were at war with Great Britain. The Macedonians are not at war with Turkey, and there is this further to consider: their bomb outrages would be far more likely to kill their own fellow-countrymen than Turks.

#### Sarafoff's Savagery.

This, however, they did not mind. All they wanted was to provoke the Turks into taking strong measures against them and thus provoke foreign intervention.

How they managed to convince themselves that they were proving they were "no longer a savage race" it is difficult to see. The conviction left on the mind of the Turkish Ambassador in London was that, "if the committees had recourse to proceedings practised up to now by Anarchists alone, it would be absolutely necessary to treat them as such."

The Blue-book throws a lurid light also upon the character of Boris Sarafoff, who was so recently in London being feted by credulous sympathisers. It appears that he declared last March that, if the Revolutionary Committee in Sofia were suppressed, "he would endeavour to assassinate either the French, English, or German Consul at Salonica in order to attract the attention of Europe."

No Boer ever conceived such a villainous plan of attracting attention as that.

Boris Sarafoff, the Macedonian insurrectionary chief, is now in Rome, and has had interviews with leaders and supporters of the Macedonian cause in Italy. He informed them that he wishes the Italian Government to know that Macedonia is dissatisfied with the action of Austria and Russia, and that a new revolution will break out next spring if all the Powers signatory of the treaty of Berlin do not intervene.

M. Sarafoff is being closely watched by the Italian police.

A telegram from Sarajevo to the "Neue Freie Presse" states that, according to private information, 4,000 Miridites (an Albanian clan) have closed the road between Prizrend and Skutari, with the intention of offering resistance to the new gendarmery appointed under the Austro-Russian reform scheme.

Thirty thousand rifles, bought by Sarafoff in Austria, have arrived in Serbia, whence they will be introduced into Turkey.—Reuter.

## ACTRESS PREFERS TO DIE.

Her Mind Gives Way Before the Prospect of Nothing to Do.

It was the sad duty of the Westminster coroner yesterday to inquire into the death of Naemie Carroll, better known as Norah Deane, an actress, twenty-three years of age, lately employed at Terry's Theatre in "My Lady Molly," and living with her mother at Claverton-street, Piccadilly.

Since June last, said the mother, she had been much depressed and over-anxious. She was not strong mentally. Notice had been given her that "My Lady Molly" was to come to an end, and with it her engagement. Last Tuesday night she received a letter from the Alhambra Company telling her they had nothing for her. Next morning her mother, after unlocking the door with the pantry key, found her lying on the floor of her room, undressed and dead. On the table lay her last message:—

"My Darling Mother,—I am doing this for the best. Forget me and be happy. Don't let dear Laura know the truth. My only reason is fear of going out of my mind.—Yours for ever,

It was shown that death was caused by poison.

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity.

### "UNCLE JOE" ONCE MORE.

The "Uncle Joe" divorce case is a veritable Jarndyce v. Jarndyce. Once again yesterday it came before the Divorce Court, this time on an application on behalf of Mrs. Worsley, the respondent, that she might be dismissed from the suit, as had been done as regards the co-respondent, "Uncle Joe."

The King's Proctor was represented. His counsel announced that he took up "a position of armed neutrality."

Mr. Justice Barnes, having ascertained that there appeared to be no intention on the part of the husband to have the decree made absolute, said he would wait till next week to see what happened.

### EQUINE "FREE-FOODER" MAKES TROUBLE.

The free-food tendencies of Arthur Ashdown's horse have had a disastrous result.

Ashdown had drawn up his van near a greengrocer's stall, whereupon the horse began to eat the heads off some celery displayed for sale. Naturally objections were raised, but apparently—from the evidence given at Marylebone yesterday—Ashdown resented this, for he knocked the greengrocer to the ground, where he lay senseless. He has been given the alternative of paying a fine of forty shillings or going to prison for a month.

### BRINGING OTHERS INTO DISREPUTE.

The conduct of Henry James Larken, an Army pensioner, employed in the Walworth Sorting Office, who was sentenced at the Old Bailey yesterday to nine months' imprisonment for stealing postal orders, was calculated, the Recorder remarked, to shake the public confidence in the wisdom of employing old soldiers and sailors.

### WHAT IS AN EXTRA GENTLEMAN?

A witness at Lambeth yesterday expressed himself as uncertain of himself—a not unusual habit with witnesses. He was an extra gentleman in a pantomime. In reply to the Coroner he said he took small parts, but he hardly meant to suggest that he was an actor.

## COLD-SHOULDERED THEIR KING.

Peter I. Regaled Upon Ham and Stale Cheese in a Beer-Hall.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Vienna, Monday.

A gathering took place in Belgrade a few days ago which throws a strong light on the relations between King Peter and his subjects. His Majesty conceived the idea of paying a visit to a meeting of needy scholars, which took place in the Kolaratz Assembly Rooms. If those visitors present had not known the King they would have had some difficulty in differentiating him from an ordinary person, for his Majesty's visit was divested of the least semblance of that pomp usually associated with royalty.

Not the least preparation had been made to welcome King Peter; there was not even a reception. Not a single Minister was present. It was all so different to the days when King Alexander ruled.

King Peter stood in the room completely isolated. There was not even an army officer of importance by his side. There were, however, a few young officers present, and in the company of these his Majesty had to spend the evening. Even less attention was shown to the King's daughter, the Princess Helena. When she arrived with her father there were no ladies to receive her, no one to relieve her of the large bouquet, which she had to keep in her hand for half an hour.

Absolutely no arrangement had been made for the entertainment of the King. His Majesty was compelled to eat in the smoky beer-hall. A dirty cloth lay on the table, and it was not even replaced by a clean one in honour of the King.

When the time came to serve the meal it was discovered that nothing hot was to be had. The hot meats had all been consumed, and his Majesty's hosts apparently did not see the necessity of providing suitable fare for the occasion.

So King Peter had to be content with ham and Swiss cheese, which were not remarkable for their freshness. The impressions of King Peter concerning the hospitality of his subjects are not recorded.

### SPOIL-SPORTS SENT TO PRISON.

A small boy named Russell planned quite an enjoyable afternoon in Cholmeley Park Fields, Highgate, during the recent frost, and made his way there with a sledge and two young companions.

But their sport came to an untimely end, for two big boys, who were in no way their friends, came along, took their sledge away to Dartmouth Park, and there used it for to-bogganing with the result that they smashed it to pieces. Yesterday the Highgate magistrate sent them to prison—one for three months and the other for one month.

### BURGLAR IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

To discover a burglar in your drawing-room is an experience which might disturb the equanimity of a male.

But Mrs. Head, of 1 Lowndes-square, was not at all disturbed when, a few days before Christmas, she saw an intruder calmly packing up valuables to the amount of fifteen guineas. She simply rang for the butler, and gave the man in charge.

At the Old Bailey yesterday it was stated that the man was one of the most daring thieves in the West End. He was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour.

## SAVED BY HIS WIFE.

Imprudent Trainer Mauled by a Puma.

### THE COURAGE OF LA GOULUE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Monday Night.

Spectators at the Menagerie in the Avenue d'Italie had their full share of excitement last night.

The place is run by the famous dancer who used to be at the Moulin Rouge, a popular "La Goulue," and her husband, a professional beast-trainer, named Drexler. They had quarrelled recently, and the wife sought the protection of the courts, but the difference was settled, and "La Goulue" had resumed her place as the trainer's assistant in his entertainment.

Just after ten o'clock the public was crowded round a cage full of wild animals, one of which, a female puma from Mexico, had already proved herself dangerously ferocious. Drexler entered the cage, whip in hand, first made a magnificent panther go through its paces, and then, while the orchestra played a frantic cake-walk, he turned his attention to the puma.

Only Just in Time.

Throwing his whip on the floor, Drexler seized the savage beast by the head, and snatched the magnificent set of teeth possessed by the animal.

He had hardly touched the puma's head when it made a great bound to the top of the cage, and, alighting on the trainer, dug its claws deep into his throat and head.

There was a cry of horror, and many of the spectators fled. Drexler fought ineffectually for some minutes, and then fell fainting, covered with blood.

His wife tried to help, but was wounded in the right hand. An employé attacked the animal with a big knife, with which he stabbed after stab, but the puma only stuck closer to her human prey. Then the wife secured a revolver, and, running up to the puma, discharged two shots into its head, killing it immediately.

It was not a moment too soon, for the unfortunate Drexler had no fewer than a dozen deep scratches, several of which are sufficient to endanger his life.

### CARMAN'S ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

A solicitor at Clerkenwell County Court yesterday was, naturally enough, somewhat incredulous when a carman, who admitted considerable experience in his occupation, stated that he had no idea as to the distinction between the near and off side of his carriage.

"I know my right from my left-hand side," he said, but as to which was the near side which was the off-side he persisted on his own that he was ignorant of this.

### SIGNAL-BOXES AS CARD CLUBS.

Major Pringle, in his report on the recent railway accident at Lochmell, near Lillington, points out that there were five persons in the signal-box who had no business there. They were playing cards. Whether signal-boxes are used generally on the railway system as gambling resorts is surely a subject for inquiry. They are nice quiet spots.

## THE CRIME AGAINST THE CHILDREN.

IX.—THIRTY-FIVE HOURS OF WORK EVERY WEEK FOR TWO SHILLINGS.

By ROBERT H. SHERARD.

There have been many crackers pulled in England during the last few weeks, amid the usual mirth and merriment of the holiday parties. In this mirth I have not felt disposed to join, for, whilst the crackers were being pulled, I was thinking of sundry little girls and boys who help to make these crackers in their squalid homes.

There is a child of ten, to whom Doctor Macnamara draws attention, who out of school hours works thirty hours a week at this industry, and whom her mother rewards with threepence a week.

There are other children of whom one knows who work thirty-five hours to provide us with mirth and merriment and earn two shillings a week.

When it is possible to keep them from school they will do double work and earn four shillings for mother.

The paper rubbish which these same crackers contain is largely the production of tiny fingers. In many cottage-rooms in Hackney, Somers Town, and Bow you may find little mites working at paper flowers, and in the awful gloom of these miserable homes the gaudy gaudsies scattered over the black bed and blacker floor twinkle with an ironical gleam.

At flower-making your little girl of twelve, working, out of school hours, twenty-seven hours a week, can earn her one and six a week. She is, in her way, better off than another little girl of eleven who works twenty-

four hours at the same trade and gets a shilling.

Of course, neither one nor the other gets the wages. They are working for mother, and that without enthusiasm.

For children are intelligent and, as anyone who has inquired into the matter can vouchsafe, they bitterly resent the slavery to which the parental greed constrains them.

On the other hand, where they know that it is not parent greed, but parental misery, which demands this toil of them, they will toil with an industry and an abnegation of self which reconciles one to much that is vile in humanity.

### Work at the Mangle.

At the parties to which I have referred there were men walking about resplendent in the whiteness of their shirt-fronts. That the shirt-front should be resplendent it is necessary that the garment before it is starched and ironed should first be mangled.

A great deal of the mangling done in London is the work of children.

As you pass down mean streets and see in the window, "Mangling done here," you may take it that in most cases it is a little boy or girl whose activity is thus advertised. Mangling is very unpleasant work, and I can quite understand that Mr. Mantolini, as we see him last, should be using bad language.

I have tried the work myself. I was living some time ago in a cottage in the East End, where the landlady added to her income by this kind of work, and for the amusement and experience of the thing I often relieved her at the grindstone.

The tariff was "twelve articles for one penny," and if one did the work conscientiously and as one would like to see it done it was difficult to earn more than threepence an hour.

## ENGLAND'S SHAME.

I know quite well that at the end of an hour I felt that I had done an excellent day's work.

One got pains in the back and pains in the hands, and a peculiar kind of headache not unlike that form of cephalgia which is known as "Academy headache." It is work that should be absolutely be forbidden for children.

Miss Holmes has said the same thing. She reports a case of a girl who was put to this work by her parents for twenty-six hours a week, with the result that "she was absolutely unfitted for school; she can hardly put one foot before the other."

She also speaks of a boy working the same hours. This boy's parents were earning 28s. 6d. a week between them. She added that in her experience—and this is the experience of most of us—these wage-earning cases are not the most necessitous, that these child-slaves are usually the children of men earning from thirty to forty shillings a week.

### Perfume of Cleanliness.

For an extra shilling a week a child will be put to a mangle for thirty hours. From my own experience I am certain that a child of ten or eleven could not earn a halfpenny in an hour's grinding.

There are certain details in the work which require a practised hand. Some articles which I had mangled were returned as not giving proper satisfaction and had to be done over again. These are the risks of trade, and have to be carried to the profit and loss account of a turnover of a shilling a week.

However, a mangle supposes some breathing-space, a little elbow room. Also the smell of the clean linen as it groans between the

rollers is not unhealthful. Did not Dante tell me how he used to go out from Nimes to meet the washerwomen coming home from the Rhône to catch the fresh odour of the dripping clothes?

In the dreadful matchbox-making trade these collateral advantages are wanting. Here we are, all piled up in one stuffy room, some of us on the bed and some on the floor, and one chair being reserved for mother by right of hierarchy.

We are so closely packed that we can barely move our hands. The air about us is heavy with the putrid smell of the rotting paste.

One can't afford fresh paste "each gn." We have to provide it out of the 2½d. we receive per gross of finished boxes. Indeed, it is no too fresh, for we are hungry little children, and flour and water is, after all, nourishment.

### Babies at Work.

Our starved cat knows that, too, and when the work is done at midnight we put the babies away.

At this trade one hears of boys working, out of school-hours, sixty-three hours a week. It is a trade which the smallest mite may do in. Any baby can push the box into its groove and many babies do.

It is rather fun at first, but towards midnight baby would like to go to bed. There is no room in bed.

Of this particular home-industry it may be said that for the most part the parents are not necessitous—that they must work and not starve—but there are noted and notable exceptions where if we do not work much more than a quarter to one in the morning it is because the public-houses close at half-past twelve, and daddy wants the bed cleared for his wife's nap.

If by good luck he gets "run in," and cannot come home, we may manage another gross, and earn another 2½d. before we retire for the night.

# The Woman's Trouser Club.

A NEW YORK SOCIETY OF WOMEN WHO WEAR MALE ATTIRE.

Some day the historian of the future will write a delightful volume on what he will probably call "The Battle of the Brecks," for he—or she, as is most likely to be the case—will naturally fight shy of "trousers."

Why woman should want to wear, in reality, the garment which, with so much satisfaction



One member of the Woman's Trouser Club of New York, Miss Vesta Tilley.

to herself and so much advantage to the world at large, she invariably assumes, metaphorically speaking, is a problem into which it would be neither profitable nor politic to enter here. The fact remains, however.

Its latest development comes from New York, where several charming and beautiful actresses, out-Harbertoning Lady Harberton,



The natty stage costume of Miss Ethel Sydney in the "Torador."

have formed themselves into a club which they, characteristically, call "The Professional Woman's Trouser Club of New York." In the seclusion of their luxurious apartments they are able to go about in either the conventional dress of what Madam Sarah Grand persists in calling the "Mere Man," or

in such a modification of it as accords with the dictates of their sweet will or suggests itself as suitable from a purely aesthetic point of view.

Thus Miss Jessie Bartlett Davies appears to affect on occasion "baby-blue satin knickerbockers," while Miss Edna Wallace Hopper, a charming star in musical comedy, is partial, for general wear, to the golf suit in which she goes round the links.

## Blouses and Frock Coats.

Miss Ethel Barrymore—at one time a member of Sir Henry Irving's company at the Lyceum, and it is said, the woman on the stage most sought after by those who move in the best society New York affords—adopts a loose fitting pair of trousers and a blouse, a costume which undoubtedly recalls that of the boy in "Carrots," which, following Miss Gertrude Elliott at the Lyric, she made so great a success last season in New York. On the other hand, the frock coat of convention is by no means eschewed, for just as Madame Dieulafoy, the famous Frenchwoman whose archaeological researches have made her name famous the world over and have been rewarded by the Legion of Honour, has adopted it, and as did Dr. Mary Walker, so have two queens of the comic-opera stage, Miss Josephine Hall and Miss Lilian Russell.

Like Miss Barrymore, Miss Russell is no stranger to London, for, by a curious coincidence, during the absence of Sir Henry Irving, she once figured as the star of a comic opera produced at the Lyceum, whose place will shortly know it no more.

## The Doom of the Skirt.

Will the actresses of London who have appeared in male attire on the stage, or who have worn trousers in any of their many modifications, while engaged in the performance of their professional duties, emulate their sisters in New York, and in time educate women in general up to what its advocates claim to be a far more hygienically-constructed dress than the sweeping skirts which give a distinction and charm to the wearer?

And, when one comes to think of it, the number of prominent actresses who have been



Miss Sybil Arundale, as she appears in "My Lady Molly."

obliged to emerge from the reticence of petticoats into the assertiveness of trousers is considerable. Every leading actress aspires to play Rosalind, though possibly not for the reason given by a sister actress, that they want to show what they look like in the costume. Though Miss Ellen Terry, for instance, has never played that part, which her admirers have always felt would suit her so admirably, she has assumed male costume as Viola in "Twelfth Night," as Imogen in "Cymbeline," and as Queen Catherine in "Peter the Great"; while Rosalind has claimed the services of Miss Mary Anderson, who only a week ago emerged, in the cause of charity, from her retirement; and Mrs. Kendal, whose doublet was, however, lengthened to the proportions of the fantastic dress worn by Miss Irene Vanbrugh in "The Admirable Crichton." Mrs. Beerholm Tree, as the boy in the "Passer By," Miss Millard in "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," and Miss Lily Brayton in "Twelfth Night," are also among the conspicuous women of the stage who have worn "masculine garb."

None of them, however, has shown either any eagerness or any inclination to wear off the stage the clothes she wears on, as does Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, whose suit of white

flannel is recalled by many who remember her in the days when she went in for sculpture. A representative of the *Daily Mirror* who tried to get the views for publication of some of these prominent ladies of the stage found that they had no views to give, though it was by no means improbable that had they done so they would have expressed the opinion voiced by Miss Sybil Arundale, whose attractiveness has been so great a factor in the extraordinary success of "My Lady Molly" at Terry's.

"While I wear men's clothes on the stage," said Miss Arundale, "I should certainly not care to adopt them in private life. I think skirts are far more comfortable, to say nothing of being prettier and more becoming. But then I have nothing of the New Woman about me. I do not like the New Woman, and I much prefer the Old Woman."

## "DREAMS IN PYJAMAS."

### How Men Revenge Themselves for the Dullness of Their Everyday Dress.

It was in a well-known club yesterday. They were discussing the report of the remarks of Mr. Emmanuel, of "Punch," in which he said that it was only in the brilliancy



Miss Esme Beringer, as she appeared in the sketch "At the Sword's Point."

of his pyjamas that he was able to get his own back on the generally depressing sombreness of modern costume.

"Pyjamas," said Number One, who was the latest addition to a crack cavalry regiment, "are the saving of one's self-respect. It's only in the pattern of your pyjamas that you get a chance of showing your real character and taste nowadays."

"How about waistcoats?" suggested Number Two, whose figure showed great possibilities for the display of that garment.

"Waistcoats help a bit, certainly, but they don't give you the same chance that pyjamas do. A man is so handicapped in his waistcoats by his tailor. Tailors are fearfully slow. The fellows who sell pyjamas are much better, and some of them have even got quite decent ideas. I bought a suit the other day which struck quite a new note, as the artists say—the same colour as a canary with little red and green three-cornered things all over them."

"Yes, but if you keep your colours for pyjamas, it is only in his own rooms that a man can look bright and cheerful. I was thinking about it this morning at breakfast. I had on a pair of yellow pyjamas, a dressing-gown made in my racing colours—emerald green and cherry—and a pair of red Turkish slippers. Now that is a nice, sensible, cheerful costume for a dull day, but when I come out I have to put on a black coat, which makes one as sombre as an undertaker."

"Yes; it's the out-of-door dress which is the trouble. I went to see a fellow the other

morning who had quite a novel idea. It was a sort of smoking suit. The coat was made like a dinner jacket, only it was of red and green shot silk, and had braid loops on the front like a pyjama coat. The trousers were comfortably loose, and had the braid down the seams. It was a splendid garment, much better than a dressing-gown; but you could hardly go out in the street in it."

"Which, as I said, reduces a man's sole scheme of personal decoration to his waistcoats. And, even then, you have to wear what your tailor will let you. There's not the



Miss Edna Wallace Hopper in male costume.

least use having novel ideas if you can't get them carried out. I've been trying to persuade my man to make me a Japanese waistcoat, so as to keep in with the latest fashion, but he can't see the idea at all—says it would look odd.

"But in spite of the opposition of the tailors, there is plenty of colour in men's clothes if only you could see it. Strip off the outer shell and he is dressed as brightly as any 'coon."

"The shirt question shows that no sooner is the waistcoat cut high enough in the neck to hide practically the whole of the shirt-front than everyone wears coloured shirts."

"Just wait. One of these days we'll dress as we like."



Miss Evelyn Millard as Loretta, one of her most successful characters.





# THE FIFTH WEEKLY BRIDGE COMPETITION

COMMENCES TO-DAY.

Conducted by ERNEST BERGHOLT.

CLOSES ON MONDAY NEXT.

**TWENTY POUNDS IN CASH**

and Ten Handsome "Portland" Bridge Cases, in Morocco, with Solid Silver Mounts. Each Case is of the value of One Guinea, and contains Two Packs of Cards, Two Bridge-Markers complete, and Pocket Guide to Bridge.

## BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

How fallacious our hopes were that we should appease popular clamour by publishing the (alleged) solution of Coupon 13 may be gathered from the following telegram, received by us at the *Daily Mirror* office yesterday:—

"Solution of Coupon 13 is wrong. B plays king of spades on ace. A must win jack of clubs, jack of diamonds, four tricks. Heaven protect you!"

It is clear that if this relentless persecution of an unoffending Bridge Editor goes on much longer the figment of the News Editor's imaginative brain—reported in yesterday's issue—will speedily become a sombre reality. As regards the pious wish that con-

cludes the dispatch, we can only reply: "Same to you, and many of 'em!" We would further prescribe a course of the little 5-card endings that appear in our weekly competitions. One taken three times a day before meals ought to have a beneficial effect. Wet bandages round the head will also be found soothing. Needless to add, all alcoholic beverages must be kept rigidly out of the patient's way.

### THE SPADE HERESY!

We have been asked by a correspondent to say whether—as he has been informed—it has now "become the practice among good players always to declare Spades as Dealer on a hand weaker than the average."

Certainly not. No good player of any school would dream of following such a rule.

## WEEKLY COMPETITION 5.—COUPON No. 1.

Diagram of a bridge table with North, South, East, and West positions. Cards are dealt to each position. North has 13 cards, South has 13 cards, East has 13 cards, and West has 13 cards. The cards are: North (13 cards), South (13 cards), East (13 cards), and West (13 cards).

### IN THIS COUPON

clubs are trumps, and South has the lead. Write down on the following form what you consider to be the correct play of the five tricks, taking full advantage of the known position of the cards. Underline the winning card of each trick.

Trick	SOUTH.	WEST.	NORTH.	EAST.
1.				
2.				
3.				
4.				
5.				

### RESULT:

NS. win tricks.  
EW. win tricks.

Name..... Address.....

## WEEKLY COMPETITION 5.—COUPON No. 2.

What would you do as Dealer, holding the three following hands at the specified scores? You may either declare or leave it:—

1. At 1 game and 12, scored by you, to love.....

2. At love to 22 against you.....

3. At love all.....

4. At love all.....

5. At 1 game and love, scored by you, to 1 game and 24.....

6. At love all.....

There are still good players—though their number is decreasing almost daily—who will never, under any circumstances, declare Spades as Dealer at love-all; the apostles of their creed, among English writers, being Mr. R. F. Foster and Mr. W. Dalton. Both of these writers set their faces against what is dubbed the "Spade heresy." In our opinion these extremists are undoubtedly in the wrong. There are certain hands so weak that you will be sure to lose more in the long run by leaving it than you will by declaring Spades straight off. But to justify the latter course the weakness must be very pronounced—the hand must be far worse than an "average" hand. To treat the subject adequately would require more space than is here available; inquirers may be referred to Mr. Bergholt's articles on Bridge in "Golf Illustrated."

### INSTRUCTIONS AND RULES.

When you have filled in your replies to the above two coupons, and have written your full name and address in the spaces provided at

foot of Coupon No. 1, cut out the coupons and enclose them with Postal Order for 10/- (Shilling) crossed Barclay and Co. J. to the Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Cannon Street, London, E.C. in an envelope marked above the address: WEEKLY COMPETITION No. 5. On a separate sheet of paper, pinned to the coupons, and also signed with your full name, you may add any inquiry you may think desirable, but such notes are not obligatory. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the coupons.

For the replies received the Bridge Editor will award marks, according to merit, and the Ten Bridge Cases will be given to the ten competitors scoring the highest number of marks, and the forty competitors coming in order of merit will each receive Half Sovereign in Cash.

N.B.—All solutions must be posted to reach the office of the *Daily Mirror* not later than by the first post on the morning of Monday, January 18th.

JAN. 12, 1904.

## THE HUNT AFTER BEAUTY

HOW A BUSINESS WOMAN LEANS TO IMPROVE HER APPEARANCE AT A SMALL COST.

I am a business woman. To the business woman a bright and attractive appearance is quite as essential, more so, than it is to her society. Wrinkles and blemishes on her complexion may have quite a deleterious effect upon position from a business point of view, in many instances the appearance of grace has been known to disqualify a woman obtaining a coveted post.

Beauty Culture in a Simple Form. As part of one's stock-in-trade, it is more necessary that the woman of affairs should bestow great care on her person and have acted on since, and what I have beauty culture, and that those girls who make improvements one week and then the hunt for beauty. Lack of time is plausibly enough an excuse for "I am too busy," and the fact that toilet is a shallow purse furnishes another motive. Disregarding the inroads that time and appearance of life may make upon her person.

Cheap and Beneficial. But simple remedies are just as beneficial as more elaborate and expensive ones. Five minutes' night and morning spent in little care over her looks will not be grudgingly precautions taken, such as the use of wrinkles by means of sticking-plasters, however, a friend of mine has a (efficacious) used in the way one of the frictions indicates. As thorough cleanliness of the complexion, the business woman takes care that she is supplied with the necessary provisions for these two essentials: a rough towel for the body and a finer one for the face should be her first equipage towards improving her skin.

On her dressing-table must stand a jar of good cold cream, a bottle of eau de Cologne, and a box of bi-carbonate of soda. The face should be well bathed, night and morning, in cold water softened with a pinch of bi-carbonate of soda and a few drops of Cologne. This will be found to have a wonderfully tonic effect on the skin, and due care be taken to wipe the face thoroughly and friction it with the palm, a pleasing improvement in the tints of the complexion will soon be noticed. It is pleasant, when possible, to get a sister friend to massage the face, first of all using the cream, then the face by means of a pad of cotton-wool.

Recipes That Can be Made at Home. Bi-carbonate of soda is, indeed, one of the most useful and cheapest aids to the toilette of the busy woman. As a tooth-powder, dissolved in a tumbler of water, it is found excellent for the teeth. Four or five drops of oil of rosemary makes a most



An exercise that will keep the waist slim and lissom.

Delicious bath powder, while fifteen grains dissolved in eight ounces of warm water form an admirable lotion for washing light hair. Mix with one ounce of bi-carbonate of soda and three ounces of oatmeal constituting a capital washing powder for the face, with

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# THE HUNT AFTER BEAUTY.

HOW A BUSINESS WOMAN LEARNED TO IMPROVE HER APPEARANCE AT A SMALL COST.

I am a business woman. To the business woman, a more so, than it is to her society sister. Winkles and blemishes on her complexion may have quite a deleterious effect upon her position from a business point of view, while in many instances the appearance of grey hair has been known to disqualify a woman from obtaining a coveted post.

## Beauty Culture in a Simple Form.

As part of one's stock-in-trade, it is therefore necessary that the woman of affairs should bestow great care on her personal appearance. This fact I learned years ago, and have acted on since, and what I have discovered is this, that persistence pays in beauty culture, and that those girls who try to make improvements one week and drop them the next are not the ones who succeed in the hunt for beauty. Lack of time is pleaded truthfully enough as an excuse for "letting one's self go," and the fact that toilet lotions and unguents are often too costly for a shallow purse furnishes another motive for disregarding the inroads that time and the burdens of life may make upon her personal appearance.

## Cheap and Successful.

Not simple remedies are just as beneficial as more elaborate and expensive ones, and a few minutes' night and morning spent in a little care over her looks will not be grudged by any sensible woman. Nor need any untold precautions be taken, such as the cure of wrinkles by means of sticking-plaster (which, however, a friend of mine has found efficacious) used in the way one of the pictures indicates. As thorough cleanliness and friction are the first requisites towards beauty of the complexion, the business woman must see that she is supplied with the necessary provisions for these two essentials. A rough towel for the body and a finer one for the face should be her first equipment towards improving her skin.

On her dressing-table must stand a pot of cold cream, a bottle of eau de Cologne, and a box of bi-carbonate of soda. The cold cream may be used in place of soap, and the box should be well bathed, night and morning, in cold water softened with a pinch of bi-carbonate of soda and a few drops of eau de Cologne. This will be found to have a wonderfully tonic effect on the skin, and if used with friction it will wipe the face thoroughly clean. Improvement in the tints of the complexion will soon be noticed. It is very pleasant, when possible, to get a sister or friend to massage the face, first of all applying the cream to the face by means of a flat pad of cotton-wool.

## Beauty That Can be Made at Home.

Bi-carbonate of soda is, indeed, one of the most useful and cheapest aids to the toilette of the busy woman. As a tooth-powder a pinch dissolved in a tumbler of water will be found excellent for the teeth. Four ounces of bi-carbonate of soda mixed with twenty drops of oil of rosemary makes a most de-



Strips of plaster placed over wrinkles after they have been smoothed straight by massage keeps them at bay.

as an internal remedy for indigestion, a pinch of bi-carbonate of soda dissolved in half an ounce of warm water will prove highly efficacious.

To brighten the eyes I find a lotion composed of five grains of boracic acid mixed with one ounce of warm water most beneficial. Often enough the eyes of a business woman suffer from overwork and the strain of artificial light. At these times the above

I possess, give me any appliances, such as this, that I require, in preference to other offerings. It is a pity that all elders do not enter into the spirit of modern hygiene and beauty production, and that so many of them either laugh at it or utterly condemn it as a sign of feminine vanity that should be suppressed.

I believe in the potency of cleanliness so completely that every now and then I spend

rently increases the abundance of the hair. Hair that is tightly strained from the face is likely to become thin and impoverished, as it is thus deprived of the necessary ventilation. From a hygienic point of view the fashion, which obtained at many watering places in the summer, of dispensing with hats and going bareheaded all the day in the open air and sunshine is to be highly recommended.

## BENEFICIAL AND SIMPLE EXERCISES.

The woman whose days are devoted to work will often find relief in a course of simple gymnastics carried out at home. A list of movements compiled by a well-known professor for me may, therefore, be found useful for those who wish to preserve their symmetry and at the same time to indulge in the exercise necessary for their health.

It will be found beneficial to turn and twist the body and to bend forward alternately, the object of this exercise being to keep in good order those muscles of the frame that are not exercised whilst walking or sitting. To maintain the knees in a supple state it is well to stand with the feet apart and then to bend the knees.

Another good device is to stand against some support, to raise one knee and then extend it to the horizontal position. With a short and quick movement the feet should then be changed, and the exercise repeated with the other knee.

One of the best exercises by means of which a perfect balance of the body may be attained is to lie flat on the back, with the arms stretched flat against the sides, then to take a deep breath, and, without the aid of hands and elbows, to try and sit up erect. This is a very difficult exercise, but a little practice soon overcomes all the primary obstacles.

## Precautions Easily Taken.

To acquire a graceful and lissom figure one should sit on a stool with the feet held under one of its supports, and then turn the body on its own axis as far as possible. A large circle should be described and the movements must extend backwards, sideways, and forwards. By practising this exercise every morning I have reduced my waist measure by several inches within the course of a few weeks, and have found my figure acquire a delightful suppleness.

One exercise, and one alone, is stated to be necessary for women who wish to prevent any undue roundness of figure. Stand with the heels touching one another at right angles, and the hands and arms hanging loosely against the sides. Then raise the hands above the head, lock the thumbs together, take a deep breath, and, rising on the toes, bend the arms in a wide circle until they touch the floor. The knees must be kept perfectly straight and the muscles tense during this exercise. Repeated half a dozen times a day this simple movement is guaranteed to produce a beautiful and perfect figure.



A sponge wrung out of hot vinegar has a tonic effect on the skin, but must not be used on super-sensitive skins.

lotion should be used night and morning, and, if possible, should be applied with an eye bath, a useful article which can be procured for the sum of 1s. 6d., or with a douche, which is, however, much more costly. Mine cost 7s., and was a birthday present. My parents and aunts, sympathising with my desire to preserve and heighten what beauty

half-a-crown upon a Turkish bath, for my heart is sound and I like the process and effect of the bath. It is a splendid rest also for the brain-worker and puts new life and fresh ideas into her. As an old habitué of these baths I can testify to the growth of their popularity amongst women, proving, I think, that drugs are less delighted in by them than they were, and the power of water is more fully credited. After the bath I am careful to use a lotion of eau de Cologne and water, two parts of the former to one of the latter, to tone up the skin of my face, after its subjection to so much heat, and to apply grease with my finger-tips to my head, to counteract the drying effects of a soap-shampoo. A sponge wrung out of hot vinegar I have also found a splendid complexion tonic.

For hair that is naturally greasy, and lies lank and flat on the head, beat up the white of an egg, dip the comb into the froth, and draw it through the hair. This induces a fluffy appearance of the hair, which is becoming to many faces, and appa-



Simple gymnastics that will perfect the figure.



One way of applying cold-cream to the face is by using a flat pad of cotton-wool.



An exercise that will keep the waist small and lissom.

A useful bath powder, while fifteen grains dissolved in eight ounces of warm water forms a most efficacious lotion for washing light hair. A similar lotion of bi-carbonate of soda mixed with one ounce of powdered ointment and three ounces of oatmeal constitutes a most excellent powder for the face, while,



## The Social Peep Show.



Queen Alexandra's favourite teapot, and one which is in constant use at Sandringham, is of curious design, being in the form of a stout Dutchman seated astride a wine-barrel. His hat forms the lid, while a golden tap in the barrel lets out the tea.

The Prince of Wales's forthcoming visit to Lord Durham at Lambton Castle is being much looked forward to by the people in the neighbourhood, as the Prince is very little known in that part of England, and many preparations are being made to give him a suitable welcome. Lambton Castle is beautifully situated on very high ground, and the views from it are extensive and magnificent. Lord Durham is the head of a large family, for his mother, who was one of the beautiful daughters of the late Duke of Abercorn, died in giving birth to her thirteenth child, Mr. Francis Lambton. Lord Durham has a twin-brother two hours younger than himself, Mr. "Ereedy" Lambton, who was for many years so like him that it was by the people in the neighbourhood from each other even when standing side by side.

In Vienna the Emperor of Austria's projected visit to England is regarded with great interest. The papers have lately been full of conjectures as to the manner of welcome which this country will give to so distinguished and venerable a guest. There is much talk of banquets, presentations of golden caskets, and splendid functions, which must be of unusual magnificence, says the Viennese Press, if they are to impress the Emperor-King, whose Court is the most picturesque in Europe.

In contrast with the brilliance of his official life, the aged Emperor's tastes and habits are of the simplest. His private ménage is of more than bourgeois simplicity. Whether in Vienna, Budapest, or in Walssee, the Emperor begins the day by drinking a glass of sour milk, his favourite beverage, and he then fasts until twelve o'clock déjeuner, when he has some plainly prepared dish, which is usually brought to him in his study. At gala dinners or state banquets the Emperor shows the same abstinence as at his private table, partaking only of soup and one other of the many dishes on the menu. He drinks very little wine, rarely emptying his glass except when toasts are proposed. Like a true soldier he disdains luxury. A petty Government clerk would turn up his nose at the spartan simplicity of the Emperor's bedroom—the modest iron bedstead, with its hard pillow and severely plain coverlet, and the barrack-like toilet equipment.

Lady Rayleigh, who gives a ball to-morrow night at Teeling Place, was Miss Evelyn Balfour, of Whittingehame, and is sister to the present Prime Minister. Lord Rayleigh is a man of sixty-one, and one of the greatest scientists in the kingdom. He will have gained more than a gleam of immortality by the discovery of a new gas, which he christened argon; and he now holds the post of Professor of Natural Philosophy at the Royal Institution.

But Lord Rayleigh is best known to the man in the street as one of the most successful peer-tradesmen of modern times. Every morning trains loaded with drums of milk steam away from the rustic station of Hat-

field Peverel, taking the produce of his herds at "leafy Teeling" to the expectant London shops. This estate lies near the old town of Witham, in what has been justly termed the garden of Essex. Lord Rayleigh has not, however, a monopoly of the milk trade. The late Lord Hamden and Vernon both sold milk, and the Duchess of Abercorn has recently established a creamery at Baron's Court.

Lady Alington, with whose anxiety about her husband everyone sympathises, is very devoted to her White Farm at Criche, which is celebrated all the world over. Every bird and beast is pure white. There are white rats, mice, hares, mules, owls, and parrots. Indeed, it is a study in white, from the dove-cots filled with snowy doves, to the white cart-horses moving sleepily along. And so well is the hobby of Lady Alington's known that the Sultan of Turkey presented her with a magnificent white mule. Among the curiosities of the place is the white "Sacred Bull," and a white thrush is also greatly valued. In fact, no speck of colour is to be found anywhere; even the cows, sheep, and ponies are all pure white.

Miss Christabel Pankhurst, of Manchester, is the third lady law student to apply for admission to an Inn; that chosen in her case being Lincoln's Inn, to which her father, the late Dr. Pankhurst, belonged. Most ladies who study abstruse subjects are not, as a rule, good to look upon, but Miss Pankhurst is an exception, being not only still quite young, but extremely good-looking. She has already passed her preliminary examination, and has entered as a law student at the Victoria University at Manchester, while she is, too, already an active worker, being deputy-registrar of births and deaths under the Chorlton Union, and a member of the Manchester and Salford Women's Trade Council.

The wedding of Lady Marjorie Greville and Lord Helmsley to-day week bids fair to be exceptionally picturesque. Lady Warwick's artistic taste is proverbial, and the lovely girl-bride, no less than her mother, has original and delightful ideas. The predominating colours will be those so suitable for a winter wedding—red and white. The two little pages will have white satin cavalier costumes, with red velvet hanging capes, red silk sashes, white stockings, and white shoes, the latter with red heels. The fourteen bridesmaids, some of them children, will look as if they had stepped out of a Romney picture. It is pleasing to hear that their picturesque pretty gowns have been designed in London and are being made here.

Lady Marjorie is to have a mounted escort to the church, and detachments of the Yorkshire and Essex Yeomanry will line the central aisle. Their uniforms will add further brightness to a scene already brilliant. Lord Brooke has just returned from America to be present at his sister's wedding.

The announcement of Miss Ethel Gerard's engagement to Baron Raymond de Forest took no one by surprise, as for some time past it has been hinted at, and actually announced more than once, though on each occasion authoritatively denied. Miss Ethel Gerard is one of the tallest girls in society, and a special favourite of the Queen's, who took

the greatest interest in her début. Like her Majesty, Miss Gerard is very fond of riding, and she, too, can ride on either side of her horse, an accomplishment insisted upon by her mother as soon as she began to ride, and she is also a daring motorist. The late Lady Rosebery was her godmother and lavished many beautiful presents upon her, so that when her jewels were stolen a year or two ago at Cowes everybody was astounded at their value, which was estimated at £2,000, as well as their quantity, for they included, besides two pearl necklets, a lovely turquoise and diamond necklace, a most unusual possession for so young a girl.

Her future husband, Baron de Forest, is also quite young, being only one year Miss Gerard's senior. He is one of the two adopted sons of the late Baron Hirsch, and consequently enormously rich. Both he and his brother, who married the widow of M. Albert Menier, of chocolate fame, received their titles from the Emperor of Austria, and Baron Arnold de Forest had permission from the late Queen to use his title in this country.

Mme. Adelina Patti is singing to good audience everywhere in America, and although the critics point out—and not unnaturally—a diminution in the power of her voice, she remains as great a public favourite as ever. In Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Portraits of the 'Sixties," I see that he mentions how no foreign singer ever became so fully at home, at that sedate period, in English life as Patti. And he is right. Patti is that rara avis among artists, a level-headed, home-loving woman. Many of her friends have sometimes reproached her with loving her chimney-corner and pot-au-feu too well. Her simple tastes did not suit her first husband, the Marquis de Caux, Equerry to Napoleon III., and who first met her at the "Petits Lunds" of the ex-Empress Eugénie at the Tuileries, when he was leading the cotillon. Nevertheless the Marquis appreciated the charm of her unaffected manners, and not long before his death he remarked to a friend of mine, "Adelina was ever the most natural woman in the world."

It was her naïveté captivated the Emperor Alexander I. and Empress Marie of old Russia, whom, at their request, she always addressed as "Papa" and "Mamma": the old Emperor of Germany, whom she refused to promenade with at Homburg, "because his early hours did not suit her"; and our King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Apropos of Patti and royalties, a little story she once told me bears repeating, perhaps. At a ball given at the Russian Court, all the Princes and Grand Dukes sought her hand in the dance. Only the then Tsarevitch, husband of the Danish Princess Marie and sister to Queen Alexandra, held aloof. "Sire," asked Patti with a little moue, "You do not wish to dance with me?" "Mademoiselle," came the reply, "Je ne danse jamais qu'avec ma femme."

The first marriage of a Princess of a reigning house in 1904 will be that of Princess Marie of Reuss, an elder sister of the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, who is making a morganatic union, and whose marriage is fixed for Jan. 14. The bridegroom is Baron Guagnoni, who holds a commission in the Austrian army. The second royal marriage will be that of the Princess Alice of Albany to Prince Alexander of Teck. The marriage of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin to the Princess Alexandra of Cumberland is to take place about the middle of May.

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Mullet. Plaice. Smelts.  
Soles. Turbot. Oysters. Lobsters.  
Crabs. Prawns.

**Meat.**  
Pork. Beef. Mutton. Veal.

**Poultry and Game.**  
Turkeys. Rabbits. Fowls. Ducks.  
Pigeons. Geese. Pheasants.  
Hares. Quails. Woodcock. Ptarmigan.  
Plovers. Wild Duck. Teal.  
Snipe.

**Vegetables.**  
Seakale. Salsify. Celery.  
Artichokes. Brussels Sprouts.  
Chow Chow. Salads of all kinds. Leeks.  
Mushrooms. Tomatoes. Turnips.

### FRUIT IN SEASON.

Apples. Oranges. Pears. Grapes.  
Grape Fruit. Pineapples.  
Bananas. Nuts. Limes.

### FLOWERS IN SEASON.

**Cut Blossoms for the Table.**  
Tulips. Ranunculus. Daffodils.  
Smilax. White Lilac.  
Scarlet Geraniums.

**Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots.**  
Orange Trees. Winter Cherries.  
Marguerites. Poinsettias. Roses. Violets.  
Green Aralias.

### THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 59.—BARQUETTE EDWARD VII.

By M. HERPIN, Chef of Claridge's Hotel.

Make twelve small moulds (boat shape) of the following paste:—125 grammes of flour, 75 grammes of butter, one yolk of an egg, a little milk, pinch of salt, and cayenne. When you have prepared and cooked the little pastry boats, fill them with alternate layers of lobster and truffle, which should be cut in thin strips. Cover with a soufflé paprika, which should be slightly dome shaped, made of the following ingredients:—25 grammes of flour, 10 grammes of butter, 4 pint of milk, 3 yolks of eggs, 5 whites of eggs, well beaten (en neige), and paprika according to taste. Just before serving place in the oven for five or six minutes, and serve very hot.

### Memoranda for Housekeepers.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Monday evening.

### A CHOICE OF DISHES.

**BREAKFAST.**  
Soused Herrings. Kidneys à la Brochette.  
Scotch Eggs.  
Cold Boiled Ham. Beef Galantine.

**LUNCH.**  
Potato Soup. Lobster Cakes.  
Curried Rabbit. Grilled Steak.  
Potato Croquettes. Sea Kale au Parmesan.  
Cabinet Pudding with Vanilla Sauce.  
Cheese Soufflé.

**COLD DISHES.**  
Roast Beef. Raised Pork Pie.  
Chaudroid of Chicken.

**TEA.**  
Toasted Buns. Cress Sandwiches.  
Fancy Gâteaux. Cream Buns.  
Sultana Cake.

**DINNER.**  
Soup.  
Norfolk Purée. Clear Soup à la Colbert.

**Fish.**  
Filets of Whiting with Tomato Sauce.  
Gâteau de Salmon.

**Entrée.**  
Vol au Vent of Sweetbreads.  
Mousse of Ham.

**Roasts.**  
Saddle of Mutton, Rowan Jelly.  
Surrey Fowls, Bread Sauce.

**Game.**  
Roast Ptarmigan. Hare Scallops.

**Vegetables.**  
Potatoes à la Parisienne. Braised Carrots.

**Sweets.**  
Peach Cream. Rum Omelet.

**Savouries.**  
Bouchées à la Coeur.  
Parmesan Biscuits and Cream Cheese.

**Ice.**  
Lemon Water.

Our Feuilleton.

# Chance, the Juggler.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "By Right of Marriage.")

## CHAPTER XLIII.

Continued.

"Oh!" There was unmistakable relief in Helen's voice. Her thoughts had flown back to the past. At the sight of this radiant creature here in her rooms, seeking an interview with her she had been transplanted into another world, the world of ten years ago, when this lovely woman, who had blossomed out of evil into rank and power, had played with a boy's heart and laughed him into a suicide's grave, and she had tried to save him; and she feared that Aimée Petronoff had recognised her, although time had laid such a heavy hand upon her and they had met but seldom in the old days, and that she was going to threaten to betray her secret to the world. Now she found that it was only dragged into the light again. She was alert, interested, and on her guard. She knew that Aimée Petronoff hated Paul Joscelyn; and she might mean to do him harm.

"Of course, you are interested in his death," the Princess went on, "I mean you want to solve the mystery."

"Of course."

"Please don't think me impertinent! I don't want to touch on a subject that must haunt something that I must tell you."

"And will it help to solve the mystery?" Mrs. Lorison, on the night of Lewis Detmold's death, there was a woman in Colonel Joscelyn's rooms."

"Surely, Princess, these private matters—" "But is it a private matter? What was she doing there? What is the meaning of it? Why did he kill himself? Why did people say that Colonel Joscelyn resigned?"

"A woman, Mrs. Lorison, with whom Colonel Joscelyn has advertised himself in a ridiculous way lately, a woman about whom people are beginning to talk."

"What do you mean?" Helen's voice was husky.

"Oh, you must know—people are whispering and smiling and shrugging their shoulders every time her name is mentioned down here. She must be a very foolish woman. You must know that I am speaking of Mrs. Philip Chesney."

"Helen Lorison had turned away her head. She did not speak; there was a low, sharp sound, as if she had stifled a gasp."

"You are shocked," said the Princess, venting sympathy offering itself to conventional grief.

"For a moment Mrs. Lorison did not speak; she did not turn her face towards her visitor. Aimée wished there were more light in the room. There was something in Mrs. Lorison's stilled exclamation that puzzled her; it had struck her sharp ears as if, unchecked, it would have been a sound indicative of some extremely poignant emotion. They both were formed on a set of hard and fast rules. Helen Lorison had been going to marry Lewis Detmold, the millionaire. He died, and she was assumed to be overwhelmed with grief. In the world everyone is supposed to marry for love. She was offered profound sympathy, and accepted it, and assumed the conventional signs of grief. All this was only to be ex-

cepted, but Aimée Petronoff, like the rest of the world, held it in her own mind as an impossibility that any woman would marry Lewis Detmold for anything but his vast wealth. Therefore, when Helen Lorison's quick, unmothered exclamation on hearing that, on the night of her fiancé's mysterious death, a man, well known in the world, had been in the room where he died fell on the Princess's ears, her curiosity was keenly aroused.

"Hearing of this incident quite by accident," she went on, "I thought it my duty to tell you. I am sorry; of course, it must be very painful to you. We women have much to suffer. Whenever we catch a glimpse of a man's real inner life—"

Helen slowly turned her head; she spoke with perfect composure.

"I really cannot understand, Princess, why you have taken the trouble to come here to tell me this."

"But," interrupted Aimée, "it is of the greatest importance! Of course, I tell you in strictest confidence. Mrs. Chesney is a woman whom we all know."

"This lie," continued Helen, calmly ignoring the interruption.

"Really, Mrs. Lorison!"

"I have no wish to insult you, Princess," said the older woman, still speaking with quiet deliberation. "I have no doubt that you have come to me in good faith. But I cannot allow anyone to cast such aspersions on the character of a woman who is my friend. I don't know what you mean to imply." She gazed fixedly into the Princess's eyes.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," murmured Aimée sweetly. "I merely thought you ought to know. To say the least, it is very peculiar. The whole thing was so mysterious. I thought you, of all people—"

"The mystery," said Helen, sternly, "existed only in the minds of a few gossips. Mr. Detmold, for a reason which may have been obscure, but was not necessarily mysterious, elected to die by his own hand. Colonel Joscelyn, whose honour no one has ever dared to impugn, has vouched for it. And now you tell me that someone is trying to drag an innocent woman's name into a matter that is done with and forgotten. Your informant has either made a mistake, or—"

"I have no informant," said Aimée. She affected vehement indignation. "You quite misjudge my motives, Mrs. Lorison. It is not encouraging to do what one conceives to be one's duty. I have told you I heard of it quite by accident. Mrs. Chesney was seen coming out of Colonel Joscelyn's rooms by someone; the thing was first brought to light by a mistake. The person who saw her was a stranger, and took her to be Colonel Joscelyn's wife, and when he saw them together the other day, addressed her as Mrs. Joscelyn. It passed off all right, of course. Colonel Joscelyn told the person that he was mistaken."

"Oh, it was a man?" It sounds more like a woman!" said Mrs. Lorison, contemptuously.

"You won't understand!" retorted the Princess, impatiently. "He said it all in good faith. That was what made it so serious. Why should he say he saw her if he did not?"

"Obviously he made a mistake."

"You think there may have been a woman there, a woman who was not Mrs. Chesney?"

"To tell you the truth," said Helen, in a weary voice, "I don't want to reopen the subject at all."

"But isn't that rather strange of you?" The Princess could not brook opposition; and her curiosity was roused more keenly than ever. There was subtle venom in her tone. "You must surely know that it wasn't really only gossips who thought there was something mysterious about Mr. Detmold's death. As the woman who was to have married him, I should have thought you would be the first to want to clear everything up. That was why I came to you; of course, I didn't want you to use my name, because, as I have told you, it was only by accident that I found out; but I was convinced you would want to take steps—"

She stopped, and looked hard at Helen Lorison, who had, in some subtle way, become an antagonist. She did not really know what she had imagined would be the outcome of this interview. She certainly had not desired her name to be mentioned; she only meant to lay the fuse and apply the match, and watch. But the thing had missed fire, and instead of excitement, gratitude, curiosity, she found a listener cold, unmoved, and hostile.

"I don't understand your attitude," she resumed. "Are you trying to put me in the wrong? Anyone would say that I am only doing my plain duty. Why do you try to make out that it is a lie?"

"A mistake, if you prefer," corrected Helen. "A mistake, then? What cause have you to say so? This person saw Mrs. Chesney. You say he was mistaken. Why should he not be right?"

Helen Lorison rose from her chair and walked to the window. Her face was quite outside the small circle of light. Her hands were clasped behind her back; she leaned heavily against the window-sill. It was sheer support she was seeking, for her whole frame was trembling as if with age.

"What have you against Mrs. Chesney?" she asked.

"I?" Aimée's voice was full of a splendidly-affected grievance. "What can you mean? She is almost a stranger to me. That is just it. You put me in the wrong. By blindly defending her, for some reason of your own, you make me appear to be vindictive and uncharitable. What makes you so certain? Have you some secret knowledge?"

"You will kindly not repeat what you have said to me to anyone else," Helen Lorison innocently retorted. "I cannot allow you to do an innocent woman an incalculable amount of harm, not even to satisfy your evidently very strongly developed sense of duty. In exchange, I will tell you the truth. There was a woman in Colonel Joscelyn's rooms on the night of Mr. Detmold's death."

"What? You knew!" There was no doubt about the genuineness of the Princess's surprise.

"I was there myself."

"You!"

"Now you know why I am so certain that this person you speak of made a mistake, and that it was not Mrs. Chesney whom he saw."

"But—you said nothing—it is most extraordinary. Colonel Joscelyn said nothing. Don't you see that it sounds—well, more mysterious than ever?"

"You are at liberty to inform the police," said Helen cuttingly, "since you seem to take so very marked an interest in the matter."

The only thing I can do is to prevent you from slandering an innocent woman."

There was silence. The Princess gathered her wits together; they seemed to have gone astray. She rose and moved towards the door with a great rustling and the metallic clinking of the gleaming pearl sequins with which her gown was thickly strewn. Her voice, when she spoke, was quite composed, although her eyes glittered.

"I am afraid I have given you cause to insult me," she said gently. "Under the circumstances, I admit, I must have seemed officious. But how could I know? Of course, it is no business of mine. You may rely on me to respect your confidence." In the semi-darkness her slender, jewelled hand had been groping along the wall. Suddenly it came in contact with a little knob—what it had been seeking. There was a little click; the room was flooded with light, and the Princess exclaimed apologetically:

"Oh, how awkward of me!" I touched the switch by accident." Her eyes were fastened on Helen Lorison's face, which was drawn and intensely agitated, and looked ghastly in the unexpected glare of light.

"But, Mrs. Lorison, what is the matter?" cried Aimée, with admirably assumed concern. "You look—"

Helen returned her stare with cold, unsmiling eyes. "I am very tired," she said, "I told you—I have a headache—I do not feel well."

"It is more mysterious than ever," said the Princess to herself, as she swept out to the lift, after having gushingly expressed her sympathy, and was swiftly carried down from Helen's modest rooms to her own palatial apartments on the first floor. "There's something very queer about the whole thing, and I evidently gave her a considerable shock."

It was something nearer collapse than ever Helen Lorison's haughty and independent spirit had known.

She flung herself into a chair when her visitor had left, trembling in every limb, sick with apprehension, full of unnamable horror, and utterly in the dark.

"Oh, God, what does it mean?" For a time she could only cry out dumbly, blindly, so staggering had been the blow.

That intense, and in her, newly-born passion was aroused—the passion of motherhood. It was her child—Marta, who was in danger, the child she had discarded and disowned in youth, the child to whom she had left it to a stranger even to give a name!

What had that fair, soulless creature come to her to say? That Marta Chesney had been seen coming out of Paul Joscelyn's rooms on the night when Lewis Detmold had killed himself? It was incredible; it was monstrous. It could not be true. That Aimée Petronoff, of all people, should have heard it! What had brought her here to-night with her false protestations of duty? She knew nothing of duty; she only served her own ends. What was her motive? Had she some ulterior purpose, or was it merely the love of mischief, of hurting others, that was ingrained in her?

It was a maddening chaos of thoughts that teemed in the woman's brain. She knew nothing; the thing had been sprung on her; she had only realised at the time that Marta's good name was involved, and she had played her part and lied blindly only to prevent Marta's name from being further bandied about by this mischief-loving gossip.

The most awful possibility was that it might be true—Marta might have been there. Not for any evil purpose; of that Helen was quite sure; but driven there by some necessity, by some combination of circumstances that no outsider would guess at. It mattered not why. If she had been there, she was in the gravest peril; and it was on that one central point that the mother's brain had fastened when she had lied and said that it must have been herself who had been seen. And in thus lying she might have made a fatal mistake. She might have involved not only herself but Colonel Joscelyn and Marta in complications that would do far more harm than good.

The one necessary and imperative thing was that she must know what had really happened. She must see Colonel Joscelyn and tell him what she had heard, and what she had said, and join forces with him in order to save the child. Whatever had happened, he was a man of honour, and he was on Marta's side. He was her friend. Heavens, she knew well enough that he was no safe friend for any woman to have! But in this case he and she together must prove more than a match for the world.

She was so battle-worn and weary that she did not care what became of herself. In fact, she did not once think of herself, or of the meaning and gravity of what she had said to Aimée Petronoff, which that lady, if she chose, might spread amongst all her friends and acquaintances the next day. She did not think of her hardly-won position, or of the graver matter of Lewis Detmold's death, about which she had had all manner of doubts when it took place. She only thought of the safety of the daughter she had so long thought dead, and who had been given back to her so strangely, as treasure might be given up out of the sea.

When she was a little more composed, she wrote a note and sent it to Paul Joscelyn's hotel, saying that she would be glad if he could come to see her at once. It was sent back with a message to the effect that the Colonel had gone for a day's trip into the mountains in his motor-car and would not be back until the next afternoon.

So there was nothing to do but possess her soul in patience; she spent the night and the next morning in an agony of feverish apprehension.

To be continued.

## THE ATTRACTIVE 'KINK.'

"It is everything nowadays to possess an attractive 'Kink' in the hair."

"LADIES' FIELD."

A very pretty thing is wavy hair, or hair with a "kink." It seems to matter little what the shade of it may happen to be. From the golden tresses of the heroine of the popular novelist, down through every variety of blonde, and brown, to the richest and deepest black, hair that is wavy looks prettier and nicer than hair that is straight. Some people's hair is naturally wavy; while with others—and, perhaps we shall be safe in saying, in the majority of cases—there is a straightness which is never prepossessing and which not infrequently detracts in a marked degree from the general attractiveness of its owner.

It has been held to be not only a woman's privilege, but actually her duty to do the best she can for the benefit of her own personal appearance, and in this matter of wavy hair there is indeed a royal road opened for those whom nature has left unadorned, for we would defy the most clever expert to tell the difference between tresses of natural waviness and hair rendered wavy by the use of Hinde's "Wavers."

A strong point about the Wavers is the very natural result produced.

When waving is overdone, the effect is unsatisfactory because a sort of harsh and artificial appearance is given to the hair. The effect of waving is absolutely spoilt if it is overdone. The object in waving is not to get the hair as much into the form of an unexploded "black rapper" as possible, but to develop a scarcely perceptible undulation in it which shall be both graceful and artistic. There are few things more painful to those who have made hair-dressing a scientific study than to see a girl whose hair has been over-waved to the extent alluded to above. When waved with the help of "Hinde's Wavers," the hair flows as it were in a series of gentle undulations, and its general appearance is the very antithesis of sharp bends and short twists.



With the No. 14 Waver the hair is plaited over and under as shown in the accompanying sketch. One important point to be remembered is that for waving the hair always commences at the roots, whilst for curling you begin at the points or ends of the hair.



No. 15 is much simpler and equally effective Waver. With this you simply open out the centre bar and roll the hair round and round for the length you require to wave, giving the hair a twist the whole time. If the hair is rolled round loose and flat the wave will not be a success.



No. 16 is used in the same way as No. 14, and produces an equally pretty wave. It is considerably lighter, being composed of a frame of very thin wire with a centre bar of tortoise.



No. 19 is a later pattern, and is most cunningly devised to give the long French wave so much in vogue at present. It is an excellent renovator and pro-longer of the life of the wave, and is used after the hair is secured in place, or even after it is entirely dressed. If, when the hair is arranged, it is seen that it is too straight, or that it is not in the required position and allowed to remain for ten or fifteen minutes will give to the head quite the appearance of having just left the hair-dresser's hands.

"For her no fear of storm portending sky, Hinde's Wavers 'e'en the elements defy."

It is necessary to see that you get real "HINDE'S," as foreign crude made imitations are sometimes offered.

The late Lord Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmonds, Q.C., recently granted a perpetual injunction, with costs, restraining a West End draper from passing off spurious curlers and selling them as "Hinde's Wavers." Evidence was given by a lady nurse, Mrs. Nobbs, of Kensington, that she had suffered damage by such misrepresentation. Ladies are urged to note that no curlers or wavers are genuine "Hinde's" unless they bear the name "Hinde's" legibly impressed both on the article and on the box. They are sold in its boxes by every dealer in the three Kingdoms.

HINDE'S, LIMITED, Patentees and Manufacturers of Articles for the Dressing Table. Metropolitan Works, Birmingham, and 1, Tabernacle-street, London, E.C.

# Notes Upon Fashion.

By Mrs. JACK MAY.

## BEAUTIFUL COIFFURES.

### DECORATIONS ACCEPTED BY FASHION AS CORRECT.

The encouraging influence of a well-dressed coiffure no man can understand, and women can feel rather than describe. It affords one an indescribable sensation of being "well

is pushed more forward, and in that position is so deftly handled that there is never a suggestion of heaviness. Obviously growing in favour with a certain type of beauty is a centre parting, the hair naturally undulé on either side, and in no case revealing the clever deft manipulation of the tongs, which are alone responsible for the becoming kinks, which occur in precisely the right place, according to individual requirements.

Verily replete with subtlety is the art of the coiffeur, notwithstanding which the woman who is wise studies her own peculiar idiosyncracies, and so in a measure conducts her own coiffure campaign. Nor is the coiffure unadorned regarded as adorned enough, according to present canons of modish elegance.

small, upstanding ostrich tip, but under any and every condition is it a toque of accepted standing.

## DRESS FOR BUSINESS WOMEN.

### OLD CLO' LADIES AND THEIR ADVANCEMENT.

That wardrobe-dealers are on the whole a respectable, worthy body of women will be generally admitted, but until recently they have not been wont to mix in the highest circles, except by appointment with the lady's maid, and then in camera. Their trade, like many others, has, however, been invaded by the wealthy amateur, and of all the eccentric fancies that have in turn taken society by storm, surely there is none more calculated to mystify the historic New Zealander who is piously expected to come seeking the bones of his ancestors amid the ruins of St. Paul's than the inexplicable desire lately shown by ladies of fashion to buy each other's clothes.

### Fit and Misfit.

It was a passing phase that has served to set a fashion, for now there are many establishments in the West End where gentlewomen of small resources purchase the cast-off apparel of the rich at low prices. Glorified second-hand shops there are, many of the costumes merely misfits from the shops which have never been worn, or blouses and under linen that their owners have grown out of, which only need the ministrations of cleaner or laundress to make them better than new of a poorer kind. To such places many a busy woman goes in search of raiment, for in planning the sub-divisions of her dress-money one of the first principles to be laid down is that no more than half the sum total can be spent on frocks; and frocks being interpreted means every sort of dress, morning and evening, as well as blouses.

Ten pounds, for instance, is not a vast amount with which to pay for materials and

making sufficient for one year. It only admits of two new dresses "made out," blouses of home manufacture become almost a necessity. Nevertheless, any hard-working female citizen can, with a little forethought, appear correctly dressed always with a greater variety than two dresses each year.

It is scarcely fair to much good work to that well-made garments are impossible to get cheap. The little dressmaker, as she is called contemptuously by the fine lady who employs her only for repairs, is frequently a woman of intelligence and with a true sense of the artistic in dress. Her modest circumstances are more often than not the result of want of capital, or because she is too busy to have made a name, and her charges must be in accordance with her custom. Many noted costumière has owed her advance to sympathetic intercourse and guidance of a well-bred client who moulded her taste in the days when she was obscure. The fact that she is employed by the great lady for her newals is greatly in her favour, since it puts her in touch with the best work.

### The Economy of White.

Paradoxical as it may seem, there is no doubt that white is the most economical colour known for the accessories of dress. The white washing silk blouse will wash and wash again, looking fresh and wearable through its coloured contemporary has faded beyond the possibility of recognition at a price. Under a fur coat, or, indeed, any other thing, it is so becoming and so everlasting. Three or four yards of it will do under the chin, and what more could the woman desire? If the coat happens to be lined with white Geisha at the same price, and many of the leading modistes are using it this season because of its durability, the coup d'oeil of a simple toilet will be zling in its daintiness.



A simple and most effective Coiffure for the evening.

"turned out" and softens the knowledge of a gown not quite in its pristine freshness to a quite remarkable degree.

The process of being undulé is unspeakably gratifying, while the crowning triumph of an immaculate edifice bright with brushing, or some lightly applied unguent carries the whole affair into the realms of luxury, which is justifiable only in proportion to the estate of its exponent.

### Fringes Are Out of Favour.

No woman, however, is to be pardoned for not doing the best with such "glory" as nature has been generous enough to bestow, tending and caring for this as a valuable asset to the general scheme of attraction.

Regarding the various adjustments there is to be remarked a growing tendency toward affecting the French coil at the back. At the worst, this affords pretext for a long display of comb, while, at its best, where the hair grows low and close to the ear, and the head is of pretty rounded form, there is achieved a line of admirable grace and elegance.

Everything pertaining to a fringe grows smaller and smaller and beautifully less, though to make up for this the hair in front

On the other hand, rather, for evening dress at least, does the actual dressing, apart from the surrounding undulés and bouffants, become something of an incidental thing, as compared with the bows, and bandeaux, feathers, and wreaths, which go to make up the distinctive features.

A really prettier adjunct than the out-spreading Alsatian bow we have never had. And whether this is disposed in front of a high dressing, a mode charmingly depicted in one of the sketches on this page, or, as is a passing fancy, at the back of the coil, it invariably impresses one as of piquant persuasion. Perhaps, however, the most startling innovation is the paradise plume, the end usually secured beneath a rosette or some recherché diamond clasp.

### Coquettish Adornments.

A reminiscence of the early part of the century, this adornment falls most aptly into the present prevailing modistic order of affairs, and is counted among the covetable adjuncts of the woman well dressed and up-to-date. And yet another most emphatically attractive fancy is found in a little Watteau wreath of roses, placed coquettishly at one side, a suggestion that forms a suitable subject for the second illustration. Frequently this wreath is augmented by an aligrette or



The Watteau Wreath of Roses worn at one side of the hair.

Small Advertisements are received at the Offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carholt Street, E.C., between the 10 to 2, for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/- (1d. each word afterwards). Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by Postal stamps crossed BARCLAY & CO. (stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Office, a Box Department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

## SITUATIONS WANTED.

### Menservants.

COACHMAN: single-handed or otherwise; good references—Fretjohn, South Milton, Kingston, Devon.  
GENTLEMAN: highly recommends head waiter; highest capabilities; excellent references; highest references—40, Leveck, St. James's, London-road, Hereford.  
GENTLEMAN: wishes to recommend his late wife, who was with him five years, as valet and housekeeper; very preferred—W. W., 11, St. James's, London.  
HARRY: Man (middle-aged) seeks place; clean, honest, reliable; windows, almost anything; good character; engaged to 11 mornings—40, Hornsey-road, London.  
PORTER: Young man seeks situation, or other capacity; good references—Russell-st., London.  
STILLDOORMAN or Veg. Cook (not par-ticular) seeks situation; good references—40, St. James's, London.  
GENTLEMAN: or Veg. Cook (not particular) seeks situation; good references—40, St. James's, London.

### Cooks.

COOK (good plain) in small, quiet family; good references—Mrs. V., 22, St. James's, London, S.W.  
COOK (thorough) desires post, job or part-time; good references—Mrs. H., 12, St. James's, London, S.W.  
COOK (very good) where kitchenmaid is wanted; 30 years' good character; good references—Mrs. A. Harvey, Galswick, 10, St. James's, London.  
COOK (single), lady recommends; in small family; good references; for rough work—Mrs. H., 33, Gibson's-buildings, London.  
HOUSE-KEEPER: disengaged; 2 years' experience; London preferred; age 34—Mrs. H., 33, Gibson's-buildings, London.

### General Servant.

HELP: undertake all duties; from £22; age 24; 5 years' good references; London—Mrs. H., 33, Gibson's-buildings, London.

### Companions.

COMPANION: Nurse (lady) or Housekeeper; 12 years' experience; disengaged now—Mrs. H., 33, Gibson's-buildings, London.

### Parlourmaids.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID: disengaged 18th; 10 years' experience; good references—Mrs. H., 33, Gibson's-buildings, London.

### Governesses.

GOVERNESS: age 24; can teach English, French, German, painting, music, needlework; good references—Mrs. H., 33, Gibson's-buildings, London.

### Housemaids.

HOUSEMAID: disengaged now; age 17; good references—Mrs. H., 33, Gibson's-buildings, London.

### Kitchenmaid.

KITCHENMAID: disengaged now; age 17; good references—Mrs. H., 33, Gibson's-buildings, London.

### Miscellaneous.

WANTED: permanent occupation required by a single woman; companionable—Write 617, St. James's, London.

Wanted: good references—Mrs. H., 33, Gibson's-buildings, London.

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The articles advertised in these columns are not on show at the "Daily Mirror" Office in Bond-street. Readers must communicate with the advertisers by letter.

## Dress.

**A BARGAIN**—Scotch frizee three-quarter coat and skirt; never worn; tailor-made; cost 50s.; guinea; take 50s.; average—Write 2871, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**A BARGAIN**—Widow Lady offers beautiful two-piece, Persian, Llama, for Necktie, natural white; sacrifice, 5s. 9d.; also solid gold-stamped Marquise Ring, lovely settings; price 8s. 9d.; approval before payment—Mrs. Talbot, 124, Upper Brook-street, Manchester.

**A LOVELY** Evening Gown of apple-green silk, simple passerette, and beautiful lace, on a room on cottage; 25, 43, 10s.—Write 2928, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**AMAZING** Offer—As an advertisement we will send a pair of Muff, sable colour, 2s. 11d.; real marmoset Necktie, 11s.; white Necktie, 2s. 6d.; white foxglove Necktie, 2s. 11d.; tipped Linen Towel, 21d.; yard; all worth double; each refunded if not approved—Hartley's Warehouse, Arley, Leeds.

**AN attractive** Tea-Gown of rose-pink silk, fine French lace, Empire style; suit, tail, flange; 10s. 6d.;—Write 2927, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**AN Exquisite** Evening or Reception Gown of ivory duchesse satin, handsome design, worked in gold thread on skirt and corsage; cost 15 guineas; take 4 19s.—Write 2867, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**AN elegant** Evening Gown of champagne-tinted crepe de Chine over silk, lace over, with deep-gauged flounce; material for bodice; never worn; perfectly new; cost 9 guineas; take 5 10s.—Write 2922, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**AN elegant** French model Gown of mole-grey cloth, handsomely trimmed mole plush, silk passementerie; 25 guineas; take 4 19s.—Write 2923, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**BABY** Clothes, in excellent condition—very good quality; sell cheap; complete—Write 2888, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**BABY'S First Clothes**—An exquisite Layette of superfine long clothes, 21 guineas; complete selection; approval—Madame Martin, Oak Villa, Colwick, Nottingham.

**BABY'S** long Cloak, trimmed handsome fur and silk; unlined; bargain, 9s. 6d.; approval—Mrs. S. 12, Fenwick-road, East Dulwich.

**BABY'S** Long Clothes, complete set, 50s. 6d.; approval—Mrs. 214, approval—Mrs. Max, The Chase, Nottingham.

**BARGAIN**—Marmot Wolf and Necktie, with tails, 8s. 6d.; worth 60s.; caracul Wolf and Necktie, 8s.; approval—Beatrice, 6, Grafen-square, Clapham.

**BARGAIN**—New Sashkin Jacket; latest fashion shape; double-breasted with velvet storm collar; 17 18s.; approval—B. B., 43, Clapham-road.

**BARGAIN**—White silk Evening Dress, trimmed lace and chiffon; 18s.—Write 1752, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**BEAR** Stole, real Russian; very full, rich, and dark; quite new; 25s.; worth 45s.; Russian mink, marmoset Stole, 12s. 6d.; worth 30s.; approval—Marjorie, 2, Claydon-road, S.W.

**BEAUTIFUL** Ball Gown of ivory point d'esprit over white silk, trimmed ruchings and pleated net, with touches of orange velvet; 88s.—Write 2908, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**BEAUTIFUL** Evening Dress of white silk muslin; handsome lace inset round edge of skirt; gauged, angel sleeves; 13 15s.; average—Write 2869, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**BEAUTIFUL** long black ostrich Feather; splendid quality; cost 2 guineas; hardly worn; 35s.—Write 2916, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**BEAUTIFUL** Dinner or Reception Gown of pale yellow crepe de Chine, silk foundation, gaugings on skirt and bodice, with rich lace draped on corsage, tulle of black velvet; medium; 14 15s.—Write 2921, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**BEAUTIFUL** Visiting Gown of dark blue velvet over white silk, trimmed ruchings and pleated net; 43 45s.; 59s. 6d.—Write 2868, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**BEAUTIFUL** white silk Tea-jacket; trimmed hand-painted chiton; gauged sleeves; medium size; 15s.—Write 2879, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**BEAUTIFUL** Evening Gown of emerald green chiffon over silk, gaugings, and rich lace; touches of black velvet; 29 45s.; 43 10s.—Write 2937, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**BEAUTIFUL** pair of high-button Boots, Russian brown, lace inside to retain shape; never worn; cost 25s.; take 19s. 6d.; size small; 6—Write 2944, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**BEAUTIFUL** grey Persian lamb Necktie and Muff; lovely quality; 13 19s.—Write 2935, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**BEAUTIFUL** blue and cream brocade Opera Cloak, wadded, trimmed rich lace and lining; 4 19s.—Write 2939, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**BISCUIT** cloth Gown, with strappings of glass silk to match, yoke and barrel buttons of emerald pale and lace; model; 38s.; average—Write 2924, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**BLACK** voile sunray-pleated Skirt; herring-bone yoke; lined fabric; cost 4 guineas; take 35s.—Write 2876, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**BLACK** Cloth Costes and Skirt, strapped seams, trimmed guinea; 2s. 4 11s.—Write 2877, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**BOLEDO** Costume of greyish-green tweed, short skirt, short tunic, trimmed, attached panels; good; 23 27s.—Write 2869, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**CHARMING** afternoon Gown for middle-aged lady, of velvet and fine cloth; well-made; 28 40s.; 32s. 6d.—Write 2891, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**CHARMING** Japanese silk Evening Dress, gathered skirt, bodice, trim, ruchings, ruche lace and insertion; quite good; 24 40s.—Write 2864, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**CHARMING** red silk Blouse, perfectly new, trimmed Oriental galeon and lace; not suit owner; 22 waist; 15s.—Write 2994, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

## DAILY BARGAINS.

Advertisement Rates 12 words or less 1s. (1d. per word afterwards.)

**CHARMING** Semi-evening Blouse of rich cream satin, with silk Maltese lace and neck; scarcely soiled; 15s. 6d.; 22 waist—Write 2919, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**COSTUME** of myrtle green frizee, sac coat, short skirt, trimmed velvet; 22s.; medium—Write 2891, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**CRIMSON** cloth Tunic, bound real Astrakhan; two large collars; never worn; 5s. 6d.—Write 2935, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**DAINTY** Party Frock for little girl (about 10) of spotted net, with satin ribbon trimmed frills; worn twice; outgrown; 12s. 6d.—Write 2867, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**DAINTY** silk muslin Blouse, with Irish lace medallions round yoke and on sleeves; quite fresh; 5s. 6d.;—Write 2923, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**DARK** blue Military Coat, lined red silk, gold buttons; cost guinea; take 2 5s.—Write 2938, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**DARK** blue Riding Habit; latest improvements; good condition; West End tailor; average; 5s. 6d.;—Write 2942, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**DARK** blue cloth Princess Robe; average size; good condition; cost 43s.; take 30s.—Write 2900, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**DARK** brown cloth Newmarket Costume; West End tailor; cost lined satin; 25s.; 44s.—Write 2903, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**DARK** grey pleated short Skirt; suitable golf or hockey; unlined; 7s. 6d.—Write 2861, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**ETON** Costume of dark grey Harris tweed, handsomely trimmed striped silk; 22 27s.—Write 2945, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**EQUISITE** dark blue crepe de Chine visiting or afternoon Gowns, gaugings, real lace applique and dull gold embroidery; cost 12 guineas; take 6s.—Write 2895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**FINE** quality grey squirrel Russian Coat, brocade lining; large collar and revers; wide sleeves; cost 13 guineas; take 6 10s.—Write 2910, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**FINE** quality black-headed velvet Cape, lined quilted satin, with handsome collar of black Tulle; 12 guineas; take 6 10s.—Write 2934, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**FREE** Lady's delicate cambric Handkerchief, postage penny; illustrated list and samples, The British Linen Company, Oxford-street, London.

**FRENCH** Model—Beautiful Evening Toilette of embroidered museline, combined with rich lace and jewelled trimming; cost 25 guineas; accept 5 5s.—Write 2882, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**FUR** Cape, imitation sable; never worn; cost 410; what offers?—C. J. H. Thornbury, Shanklin.

**FURS**—Magnificent Alexandra Dagmar Necktie and Muff, beautiful real Russian sable hair; worth 45s.; never worn; 12s. 6d.; approval—Miss Mabel, 31, Clapham-road.

**GENTLEMAN'S** fawn rough tweed Norfolk Coat and Knickerbockers; quite good; tail and thin, but broad-shouldered; 35s.—Write 2913, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**GOOD** heather mixture sac Coat and Skirt, 12 guineas; 23 27s.—Write 2918, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**GREY** Velvet Picture Hat, lined chiffon, handsome shaded feather; cost 3 guineas; take 25s.—Write 2899, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**HANDSOME** black silk voile Gown over galeon; gathered skirt, bodice beautifully trimmed, semi-evening; 24 42s.; 58s. 6d.—Write 2902, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**HANDSOME** biscuit cloth Gown, trimmed lace and bands of fur, silk lined, West End make; 45 46s.—Write 2901, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**HANDSOME** model Coat of palest biscuit-coloured cloth, with lace yoke; silk-lined; lovely hanging ornaments; immense sleeves with lace ruffles; cost 10 guineas; take 10s.—Write 2906, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**HANDSOME** grey long-haired zibeloff Coat, silk-lined, pelotee galeon, trimmed blue and white silk galeon; semi-fitting; 43 10s.—Write 2911, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**HANDSOME** electric-blue cloth Gown, trimmed velvet and silver galeon; average; 35s.—Write 2943, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**HEAVENLY** green frizee bolero Costume; trim with black silk braid; quite good; 28 38s.—Write 2947, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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**HAND-MADE** crocheted Petticoat of pink and white boat fingering; vandyke design; very warm; 19s. 6d.; cost double—Write 2954, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**LEATHER** mixture tailor-made Outdoor Costume; short skirt, lined semi-sac coat; small silk hat; 25s.—Write 2914, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**HELIOTROPE** canvas House-Gown, trimmed with black silk; 22 40s.; 35s.—Write 2892, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**HOMESpun** Walking Costume, for country wear, bound bodice; medium; 23s.—Write 2932, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**HOUSEGOWN** of grey beige, with grey silk trimmings, good condition; 27 41s.—Write 2875, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**IRON-GREY** Donegal tweed Coat and Skirt; very warm; good condition; 19s.—Write 2937, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**IRON-GREY** Harris tweed "Trottoir"; strapped material, cost lined satin, with stitched velvet collar; 23 39s.—Write 2901, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**LADY-LIKE** plain tailor-made Costume, with a stitched strap trimmings; 24 41s.—Write 2856, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**LADY'S** Walking Costume of dark fancy (tweed, velvet trimmings; 23 38s.—Write 2863, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**LADY'S** Evening black net Gown, frills (midst); with black silk and silk passementerie; never worn; only 35s.; cost 55s.—Write 2905, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**PRETTY** Evening black net Gown, frills (midst); with black silk and silk passementerie; never worn; only 35s.; cost 55s.—Write 2905, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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## "ZISKA,"

## THE WELL-KNOWN PALMISTE

169, Oxford Street, W.

The Advertising Manager,

"Daily Mirror."

Dear Sir,—I am pleased to say that I have traced good results from my small advertisements in "Daily Mirror," and I will continue to insert same six days a week.

Yours faithfully,

ZISKA,

Palmiste and Astrologer.

**LIBERTY** satin Evening Gown, pale blue, beautifully made; 24 41s.—Write 2958, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**LITTLE** boy's fawn Tunic and Knicker (bottoms); quite good; 7s. 6d.—Write 2912, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**LOVELY** Afternoon or Dinner Blouse of emerald green silk, lined herringbone fabric, lace yoke, emerald-green French knots; 24 waist; 21s.; cost double—Write 2920, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**LOVELY** Evening Gown of cream silk, accented pleated, trimmed lace and frills, angel sleeves, charming bodice; 39s. 6d.—Write 2950, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**LOVELY** Theatre Blouse of spotted net, tucked and square medallions; 12s. 6d.—Write 2918, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**MOURNING**—Dark red serge Russian Costume, fawn semi-sac Coat, and two silk Blouses, blue and pink; average; reasonable—Write 2890, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**MYRTLE** green frizee bolero Costume; trim with black silk braid; quite good; 28 38s.—Write 2947, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**NEWMARKET** Costume of pale grey zibelone, stitched prime collar and revers; very smart; 55s.; tail figure—Write 2936, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

**PAGE'S** Suit; boy eight years; blue satin jacket, knicker; dark brown shirt, silk stockings, Court shoes; once worn—Miss Grant, The Lodge, Milton Mowbray.

**PALE** grey cloth plaited Hat; threaded black chapeau; trimmed orange velvet and black;